HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XII.—No. 600.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

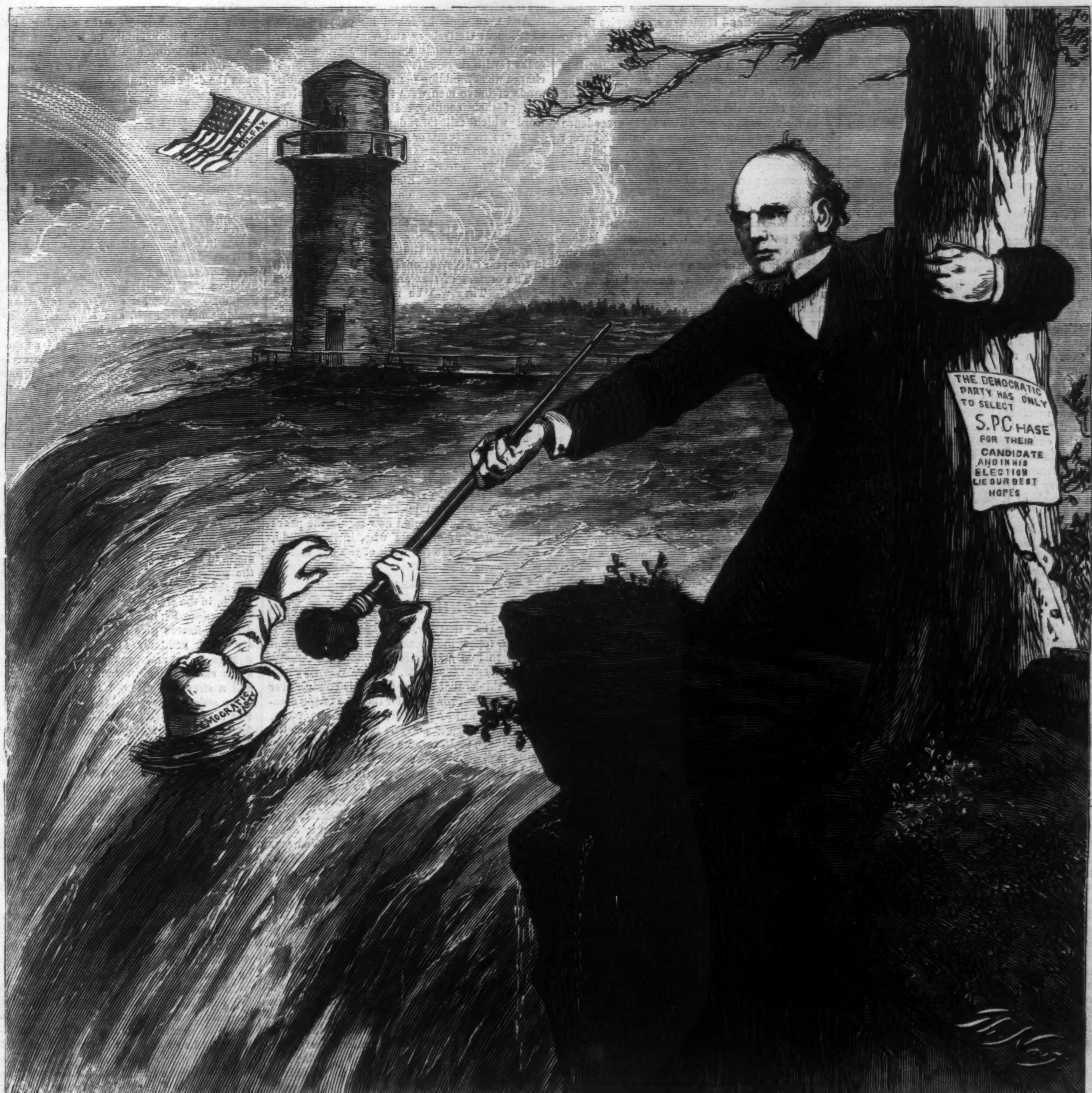
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

HARD-WORKED HUSBANDS.

While women are clamoring for a participation in some rights which they contend are unjustly withheld from them by the male sex, they are imposing upon the men certain duties which are undoubtedly their own, and that it would be more decorous for them to reassume.

A husband in the United States performs a larger portion of the purely domestic functions than the most subordinate Benedict of any European household. If any master of a house in England or France should venture to usurp some of those privileges of the mistress which are here not only yielded willingly to but thrust upon him, he would soon be sent adrift with a dish-clout hanging to his coat-tail.

It is not surprising that an American wife should have so much time to dress, to gad about shopping and visiting, to spend the night at balls and parties, and to doze away the morning and still complain of *ennui*, when her obedient husband does so much of the work which ought to be done by herself. He goes to market and begins each day with testing the tenderness of a tender-loin, scrutinizing the age of a fowl, and discussing with a market-man the comparative mealiness of mercers and pink-eyes. His next visit is probably to the grocer, where he has to replenish the waning domestic stock of teas, coffees, and sugar, and be careful not to forget the pickles, and a slice of citron to garnish the pudding. Again, hardly a day passes without a call upon the hardware, crockery, and other shops, for there is sure to be either a new carver to be bought, some broken domestic vessel to be replaced, a worn-out butter-boat to be refitted, or a decrepit tea-kettle to be set on its legs again. His vicarious duties are not yet all performed. There is a new girl wanted, for Bridget has given notice to quit because the work is too hard for her, as her mistress leaves all the indoor labor to her domestic drudge, as she does the outdoor to her marital one, who probably envies his fellow-servant the privilege of leaving at will. The intelligence-office is then to be visited by the hard-worked husband, where out of a throng of half-civilized Irish and German peasant women he is, according to order, to pick out a nice, willing, industrious, capable, and respectable servant. With the


GRANT
COLFAX
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY HAS ONLY TO SELECT S.P.CHASE FOR THEIR CANDIDATE AND IN HIS ELECTION LIE OUR BEST HOPES

THE POLITICAL NIAGARA—"A DROWNING MAN CATCHES AT A STRAW."

natural weakness of masculine human nature, he probably chooses the best-looking, and of course failing to satisfy the mistress of the household, who wants no such trollops, has to renew the attempt again and again.

To these almost daily services may be added the less frequent but periodical ones of getting Bobby's and his brothers' hair cut, fitting the boys at the tailor's with new suits of clothes, and otherwise keeping them decent. The walking half the night with a squalling baby, and turning out of a warm bed in mid-winter to turn the key of the pantry down stairs, or to run after the doctor a mile away, are of course but the common duties of humanity, and are no doubt so willingly self-assumed that they are not to be set down among those labors unjustly imposed by the wife upon her husband. They, however, should be taken into the estimate when calculating his proportion of domestic service.

After an enumeration of the labors the woman shifts from herself to her partner, it would be difficult to specify any work that is left for her to do beyond what nature has provided so exclusively for her own share that it is impossible to be done vicariously by the most willing husband. It would be well for our dames to reassume those duties now performed by men, but which evidently belong to their sphere. They would be executed by them not only with more grace but effectiveness. Women, too, thus fully occupied with the details of domestic life would have less reason to feel that *ennui* which seeks relief in social dissipation. Husbands, also, we can not but believe, would rise to a more elevated height in the appreciation of their wives if free from those household cares which belittle as well as harass the man, while they are performed with dignity and facility by woman.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 27, 1868.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

A GREAT deal of speculation upon the present political situation assumes that a great party may be marched and countermarched like an army, and that it can change in a day its professions, its habits, and its policy to secure what is called success. But such success is by the very conditions supposed not a success of party doctrines and measures, but merely the acquisition of place and patronage. If, for example, the leaders of the Republican party had supposed that the elections of last year indicated a total revulsion of public feeling, and had therefore refused in their National Convention to approve the reconstruction policy of Congress, or to declare for equal rights, or for the national honor, by paying the debt according to the spirit as well as the letter of the contract; had then nominated Reverdy Johnson for President upon the ground that he had advocated the emancipation amendment, and had succeeded in electing him, would any body have been so solemnly waggish as to call it a Republican victory? What is a Republican victory but a triumph of Republican principles at the polls?

So of the Democratic party. If it should acquiesce in the Republican reconstruction; declare for the honest payment of the debt as understood by the national creditors; agree to universal suffrage, and elect Mr. Chase because he was opposed to the policy of impeachment—how would his election be a Democratic triumph? Those who voted what would be called a Democratic ticket would indeed have control of the patronage of the Government, but at the price of the professions, and habits, and policy of the party. To suppose such a result is to suppose such a total want of conviction, of consistency, and of political honor in the party leaders and followers as to expose them to universal contempt.

It is often a rhetorical convenience to compare a party to an army, but it is a very deceptive comparison. Political parties have their origin in human nature. Men are naturally Tories and Liberals, as they are naturally hopeful and generous, or skeptical and selfish. Imagination and temperament have their part in determining our political affinities, as they have in all human relations. The same division is apparent in religion and in science. A party is not merely a body of men arbitrarily organized to oppose another body, and constantly changing its position to secure an advantage. It is the growth of natural tendencies, and applies to varying social, industrial, or political questions the same unvarying general principles. Thus modern political history is the story of one contest under a thousand forms; the struggle between popular power and that of individuals and classes. With every century its aspect is very different, but the struggle is always evident.

In this country there had always been a Tory and a Liberal party. The Toryism and Liberalism have revealed themselves, of course, according to the issues of the time. Within the last generation the overshadowing issue has been the supremacy of the slave power. Ignorance, passion, materialism of every kind—all the baser feelings and aims of the country not without exceptions—were naturally united in the support of that supremacy; and the party name by which its advocates were known was Democratic. Its struggle, although prolonged and powerful and bloody, was unsuccessful. Slavery was abolished, and the party prestige disappeared. But a party which traditionally attracts the ignorant class of the population is necessarily immense, and is peculiarly susceptible of admirable discipline and organization. Intelligence begets independence.

Now the sentiment of hostility to equal rights, the prejudice of race, the jealousy of free education, indifference to true national honor, all the meaner tendencies, passions, and influences, still remain, and, politically, they are still attached to the Democratic party. If the leaders of that party can persuade its Convention not to express these tendencies and sympathies, and to nominate a candidate who is politically identified with opposition to them, the result will inevitably be either that the sincere Tories, the reactionaries, the repudiators, and the honest believers in the white man's government, will hold their tongues and wear a mask in order to gain power, or they will decline to follow such leading. If they take the latter course, the Democratic party will be divided into two factions, one of which cries aloud, "Down with the nigger!" while the other thinks it merely, but says nothing. If they take the former the question will be merely whether the cause of equal rights is safer in the hands of a party of its hereditary enemies than in those of its proved friends.

It is very true that when great issues change the composition of parties changes also. But the same spirit and tendency still inspire them. The mistake is in supposing that the change in the issues of our recent political situation is completed. No war is ended until the last battle is fought. And this Presidential campaign is the last battle in the long and sore struggle of Slavery to rule the country. Nothing can secure the reconstruction which takes precedence of all other national questions whatever except the success of the Republican party. Until the nomination of Grant and Colfax the whole Democratic party sneered at the Republican reconstruction. The *World* said, "Whether that policy will stand depends upon the result of the Presidential election." And because the *World* and its party, foreseeing the inevitable election of Grant and the support of the reconstruction, as the only hope of peace and of an opportunity to attend to the national financial questions, suddenly profess acquiescence in that policy, and shout for a candidate identified with it, is any body likely to suppose that policy to be more secure in charge of those who four weeks ago denounced it as revolutionary and unconstitutional? In accepting their nomination, Mr. Chase would virtually say, "I believe that Horatio Seymour, George H. Pendleton, Thomas H. Seymour, the M'Clellan party of 1864, and Forrest, Beauregard, and the ex-rebels, with the mob who yesterday cried 'Down with the nigger!' are more likely to secure justice, and peace, and liberty in the Union than the Republican party." Does any body seriously suppose that he does believe it? Yet, under the circumstances of to-day, what else would his acceptance of the nomination of this party, upon whatever platform and under whatever professions, signify? It might be an excellent proof of the thorough dominance of the Republican principles and policy that the Democratic party were forced to ask him. But what would it prove in regard to Mr. Chase himself?

A great political issue, intrenched in the tradition, interest, and feeling of a nation, does not disappear because a party terribly pressed upon the eve of an election decides to be silent upon it. It does not disappear, but it is evidently about to pass away from its commanding prominence. The present utterly disorganized and demoralized condition of the Democratic party shows that the great struggle of this generation hastens to a settlement which that party has desperately resisted. Its willingness to abandon what it called its principles, and to seek a candidate among its most radical opponents, is the symptom of a political change which the election of Grant will complete. But the party of progress, of justice, of humanity will not rise from the Democratic, but from the Republican side of the struggle. There will still be a party of resistance, of reaction, of hostility to progress, and it will be composed of the great mass of what is now called the Democratic party.

THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It is announced that a Convention of soldiers and sailors is to meet in the Cooper Institute upon the 4th of July to confirm and sustain the Democratic Convention at Tammany Hall upon the same day.

Let the soldiers and sailors remember that five years ago this same day was one of the most painful national anxiety, for it was known at an early hour that the Army of the Potomac was engaged with Lee, and that at any moment the final struggle of the Western armies for Vicksburg and Port Hudson might begin. On that day the Union soldiers and sailors in the field were truly America herself. Their defeat would have been an incalculable disaster for the country, for liberty, for civilization. The duty of every generous, patriotic man was plain. It was to join in sending to the front one great, hearty, sublime chorus of sympathy and encouragement, that the brave men might know in the midst of the sharp struggle that they were in the minds and hearts and upon the prayerful lips of their brethren at home.

Upon that day as now there was a great Democratic meeting at the Academy of Music close to the new Tammany Hall. Chief among the speakers was Horatio Seymour, then Governor of the State, and now as then one of the chief leaders of his party. He said that the authorities which were directing the armies in the field and had taken measures to recruit them were despots and tyrants; that the fundamental principles of the Government were in danger—not from the rebels upon the hills of Gettysburg and intrenched in Vicksburg and Port Hudson—but from the lawful authorities; that the arrest of Vallandigham for exhorting active resistance to recruiting the armies in the field was the destruction of every precious right of American citizens, and that the only hope of the country against anarchy and ruin was Vallandigham's party. Then, speaking to thousands of the most lawless and ignorant of men in a moment of unparalleled excitement and of the utmost gloom and doubt as to the issue of the war, he warned the Government that the plea of military necessity might be urged by a mob as well as by a Government; and then sneeringly asked, amidst the shouting applause of his Democratic audience, "Where are the victories that were promised for to-day?"

And even while he asked his contemptuous question at Gettysburg and Vicksburg the air was thick with battle smoke, the ground was soaked with heroic blood, fiery charge after charge was crumbling the rebel lines, and thousands of brave men were falling for the salvation of their country. But not one solitary word which fell that day from the lips of Horatio Seymour, or Thomas H. Seymour, or Richard O'Gorman, who called the war wicked, was a word of sympathy, or cheer, or faith, or hope, or gratitude to the soldiers, or would have consoled one wounded or dying boy upon the field. A few days later, stimulated by the appeals of the Governor, the draft riots began in the city of New York which threatened to expand into a counter-rebellion in the rear of the national army.

The orators of that day will be the orators of his. They will be the counselors of the Convention. Probably they will profess to acquiesce in the results of the war. Perhaps they will claim the credit of the national victory. But, soldiers and sailors, the truth remains. Five years ago your companions fell at your side and are buried upon your fields of victory. Do you come to keep faith with them, or to betray the cause for which you fought? Do you come to support those who derided you as Lincoln hirelings, and to give the hand of fellowship to those who denounced the war as wicked? "Where are the victories that were promised?" sneered Horatio Seymour. You helped to win them; will you maintain them? And will you maintain them by supporting those who supported you and would now secure the peace you conquered, or those who, if they could, would gladly undo the work of the war and restore rebels to power?

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

It is clear that Mr. Pendleton does not intend to follow the counsel of those who are opposed to him and gracefully yield the Democratic nomination to Mr. Chase. He very naturally thinks that if Mr. Chase is coming over to the Democratic party for the sake of the nomination he will bring nothing with him; while, if the Democratic party is going to adopt the Republican platform, the candidate of that platform is already nominated. Either Mr. Chase holds to his known political principles or he has renounced them. If he holds to them, he is no more a Democrat than Mr. Sumner; if he has renounced them, he is too fresh a deserter to be promoted to the chief command.

A Democratic paper in North Carolina says that Mr. Chase, as the Democratic candidate, would get only the colored votes which the white interest—that is the Democratic white interest—could control. That would not be a very formidable number. At the North Mr. Chase, as the Democratic candidate, would receive the support of Mr. Dixon and Mr. Doolittle and their friends. But they have voted against the Republicans for a long time, and are already included in the Democratic estimate. The Chief Justice, moreover, has no personal prestige or popularity. There is nothing in his name or in the history of his public life that would arouse the enthusiasm of the Democracy. The Chase meetings would be obliged to be strictly silent about the candidate. The irrepressible Nasbys who do the hack work of the campaign would constantly bring "the natural governors of the country" to grief by magnifying policies and measures which the candidate had steadily opposed and defeated.

The nomination of Mr. Chase would bring no material and no inspiration to the campaign. Mere abuse of General Grant, one of the most honest, simple, and unassuming of men, would fall flat upon an audience which knew that his virtues had compelled the party to choose a candidate from its foes. There could be no ridicule of "the nigger," for Mr. Chase has been his especial champion. There could be no exaltation of "the superior race," because the candidate would be chosen in the hope of winning the vote of "the inferior." Indeed, the party would be reduced to the dismal plight of Mr. W. S. Sullivan, who, in a ward meeting that was favored with the approving presence of that eminent friend of the colored man, Captain Rynders, said: "This was intended to be a white man's Government. That did not mean that the Democratic party meant any thing unkind to the black race. In fact, the Democratic party meant to do good to the African race, while the Radical party fed him up with fancies." Exactly; and the most pernicious fancy with which the Radicals have fed him is freedom, and the African race knows it.

Under the same direful necessity the New York *World* remarks, with animation, that the Democratic party—which has been the great bulwark of slavery, and which tried to dissolve the Union to secure the perpetuity of the system—is the party of equal rights. By all means. It will be distinctly remembered that the excellent Captain Rynders always took the Anti-Slavery Conventions under his protection; while the *World* itself always speaks of its colored fellow-citizens, especially when assembled in Southern Conventions, with an urbanity and fine feeling that shows how sacred in its view are the equal rights of that class.

We await with interest the meeting of the Democratic happy family of Pendleton and Chase, of Belmont and Vallandigham, of the La Crosse *Democrat* and the New York *World*, upon the 4th of July.

FREE SCHOOLS.

It is interesting to remark that while we are told that the Church of Rome entertains the liveliest hopes of reclaiming the United States from error and turning them gently into the papal pastures, one of the most entirely Romish countries in Europe, Austria, is shaking herself free from ecclesiastical domination. The two great events in the recent history of Austria are the civil marriage act and the religious freedom of the schools. The Pope protested in a curiously cajoling and threatening letter, but Francis Joseph shrugged his shoulders, said that he couldn't help himself, and approved the acts. They are most significant both as signs of the actual condition of the country and as means of its rapid further emancipation from ecclesiastical control. But the Vatican is fully awake to the danger to its authority that lurks in such reforms, especially in the free school system.

A year ago a circular was issued from Rome to the Catholic Bishops which declared the direful consequences of civil marriages, and deplored in the strongest terms the withdrawal of the public schools from the ecclesiastical authority, and submitting them to the civil and political. M. Durny, the French Minister of Education, and a very able and efficient officer, calls attention in a late speech to two results of the papal circular; one is the assault that was made in the winter by the Catholic party upon the general system of instruction in France, and the other the espionage, or system of spies, which, in the eighty-three establishments of superior education in France, in which seven hundred professors give lectures accessible to every body, suddenly filled the audience with strange faces, and produced the most calumnious charges against some of the professors, and a strenuous attempt to have the lectures more strictly supervised by the Government. But this attempt of the clerical party was defeated, and the schools remain as free as before.

The free public school system is the citadel of liberty. The attempt of any ecclesiastical party to control it to sectarian ends should be vigilantly exposed and utterly baffled. In this country, if the schools remain ecclesiastically free, if under no pretense whatever is any form of ecclesiastical authority permitted to intrude upon their control, the efforts of any church at supremacy would be futile. Undoubtedly the hope and aim of the clerical party in this State is to obtain some hold upon the school system. The way to resist is to make the public schools wholly secular. There may be as many private sectarian schools as can be supported. But the State has no church, and the State schools should be under no special church domination.

In Ohio there was a proposition last year to bring the Roman Catholic parish schools under the public school system. But they were all to retain Roman Catholic teachers as such. Now it should be as grave an offense to inquire, as a qualification, into the religious faith of a teacher as into that of a President or a Governor. All the people of every faith are taxed to support the schools, and they are open to all children of whatever faith upon equal terms. Therefore there should be nothing allowed in the schools to which any person of any belief can fairly object; and as the common version of the Bible is offensive to Roman Catholics it would be better, since Roman Catholic tax-payers help to maintain the schools, to omit the reading of the Bible as a school exercise. If any body is comforted by declaring that then the schools would be "godless," let him have that comfort. We certainly differ with him. The School Board of Cincinnati offered to have read the Douay, or Roman Catholic version of the Bible. But of course that did not prevent the objection. The difficulty was not the one or other version of the Bible, but the control of the schools. But as the Roman Catholics object to the Protestant Bible, and as it is not a text-book, it might wisely be laid aside as a part of the regular school exercise.

The report of the Committee on Ways and Means of the last Legislature, proposing to give a large sum of the public money to the support of Roman Catholic schools in the city of New York, was seriously modified, doubtless in consequence of the loud and vehement protest of the press. But it is not a purpose which is relaxed, and the intelligent opposition to it should be constantly stronger. At present there are not enough schools. This is not only a very serious inconvenience but it is a public danger. The man who pays his school-tax has a right to demand proper room and instruction for his child, and a right to complain if they are not afforded. But, on the other hand, school-houses cost enormously, and the school-tax is very high—half a mill upon every taxable dollar higher than ever before. This is burdensome, but it is the most necessary burden of all, and it should be cheerfully borne even if made heavier by an equal necessity. If it be true that there are forty thousand children who are crowded out of the schools, there is no more pressing public necessity than the provision of more school-houses. But at every door of the new and of the old let public opinion, like a flaming sword, forbid the entrance of any ecclesiastical control whatever.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

We hope that Congress will not adjourn until it has expressed its opinion upon Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill. It has been received with universal favor by the papers of all parties; nor could there ever be a better opportunity for such a reform than when, as now, one of the great parties of the country is renouncing its principles and traditions—a step which, after the settlement of reconstruction, must lead to a reorganization of parties. The civil service reform proceeds naturally from the party which has been inspired always by a profound conviction and an earnest purpose, and which has drawn to itself the sympathy of the most intelligent and thoughtful minds in the world. As the principles of that party are rapidly ascending to an unchallenged supremacy which will mould for many years the policy of the government, it is only becoming that the spirit of those principles should be diffused through all the details of administration. It should be the rightful glory of the Republican party that it restored justice to the policy of the Government, and honesty and capacity to its conduct, and if, by any hesitation or timidity, action upon this bill should be delayed, the majority will have needlessly defrauded the party of a part of its honorable and legitimate fame.

There is no way in which Congress could more effectively aid the good cause and its candidates than by a judicious simplification of the Tax bill and the passage of the Civil Service bill.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

A most interesting and significant meeting was held last week to found a National Institute of Letters, Arts, and Sciences. The letter inviting the meeting, which was signed by sixty or seventy of the most eminent names in each department, in the city of New York, described with peculiar felicity the objects of such an association. The want of united effort and mutual support, of a tribunal of their peers, is a serious misfortune to the men of the pursuits named, and they therefore propose an organization, such as in older countries has been of the utmost service to intellectual development.

The Institute is to comprise eight Academies of not less than thirty nor more than two hundred members. It is to include members, fellows, honorary members, corresponding members, and founders, and is to issue diplomas. It is to issue every month *Proceedings*, containing reports of the acts of each Academy, and abstracts of memoirs and debates; and every year *Transactions* consisting only of memoirs read before the Academies and accepted by the council of the Institute. The Constitution is very properly extremely simple and was approved by the meeting.

The value of such an association, as of all others, will depend upon the sincere interest and sagacious zeal with which its objects are pursued. If any body mistakes a means for an end, he always suffers. If a multitude make the same mistake, they are very sure to pay the same penalty. An Institute of Letters, Science, and Art will not of itself, and by the form of membership, make eminent authors, savans, and artists, as an Academy of Design can not guarantee genius to its members. But organization of force is of the greatest use; and comparison, criticism, opportunity, are all ministers of excellence. The Della Cruscan and the Arcadian Academies can not be mentioned without smiling at some airy extravagances, and plenty of delicate-winged satire has been blown at the Academies of Painting. But Sir Joshua was none the less an excellent painter that he was President of the Royal Academy, nor the most illustrious Frenchmen that they were members of the Institute. To say that the Institute is of no service to French letters, or the Academy to English art, because literature and art spring from genius, which gives and does not take academic rules, is wholly to mistake the intention and scope of an Institute and an Academy.

The proposition has been received by those of the various guilds elsewhere with enthusiasm. Boston, Philadelphia, Princeton, as well as remoter points, North and South, had a voice in the meeting of organization, and an Executive Committee of active and sagacious men was appointed to complete the necessary details.

A CORRECTION.

In an article upon New York Politics, in which it discusses several possible candidates for Governor, the *Sun* says of William A. Wheeler, the President of the late Constitutional Convention, that he rather lost than gained strength in that position. The *Sun* is curiously mistaken. Mr. Wheeler, by the dignity, urbanity, entire impartiality, ample parliamentary knowledge, and genial courtesy with which he presided, made so deep an impression upon men of all parties in the Convention, that the resolution of thanks, moved and unanimously adopted in his temporary absence, called forth the warmest and most sincere expression of respect and admiration. But, besides the peculiar accomplishments of a presiding officer, the delegates of his own party found in Mr. Wheeler a quiet political sagacity, moderation, and sound sense, united to the strongest conviction and the highest honor. He is also a man of great practical political experience; and should his name ever be presented for the office of which the *Sun* speaks, it would rally to its support, in all parts of the State, a multitude of enthusiastic and devoted friends, eager to vote for a man wholly free from cliques, bargains, and jealousies.

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN."

The poor we have always with us, but the aged poor appeal to our tenderest sympathy. In the order of nature the debt of living care which the child in a sense incurs to the parent the mature man or woman pays. But when age is destitute and neglected, and in all the world are no living hands or thoughtful care, there is no spectacle so sorrowful, no suffering that should be sooner relieved. Two years ago some excellent ladies in New York founded a home for aged women at No. 259 West Twenty-seventh Street, in which twenty-five now find a comfortable retreat. The same ladies have just opened a companion home for aged men, in which it is hoped the same consolation will be afforded to some at least who must otherwise sadly suffer. It is a simple charity which knows no sect, and has neither the will nor the means for any but a most noiseless and unostentatious career. Yet it needs gifts of all kinds—subscriptions for an available fund, food, clothing, books, and whatever may make life decent and comfortable. It is, as we know, well-organized and managed, and there is no charity more modest and deserving.

PURE REASON.

We had scarcely finished reading the neat sentences of Senator Hendricks of Indiana, one of the innumerable candidates for the Democratic nomination, to the effect that the stories of disorder in the Southern States were vile inventions of the Radicals, intended to overthrow the Constitution of the United States, when we found the *Charleston News*, one of the Senator's party-papers, speaking of the murder of a Republican member of the next South Carolina Legislature as "one of the elect come to grief." It seems that the facts which excited the badinage of the waggish *News* were merely that a party of the Ku-Klux Klan went to the house of Mr. Dill and murdered two or three persons who were guilty of being colored men and non-believers in the Ku-Klux Democracy.

"Very well," exclaims some disciple of Vallandigham and Seymour; "you are responsible for it." "How?" "By exciting hatred of race with your confounded equal rights and suffrage." "And how would you have prevented it?" "By putting the nigger in his place, and keeping him there."

Such a conversation is a free but a remarkably accurate rendering of the speech of the Indiana Senator, candidate, etc., who said that in his judgment "the people" of the late rebel States meant the late rebel class, and that they alone were rightfully invested with political power. Let them do as they choose with the rest of the population. Such a plan would not, of course, excite any hatred of race. "I am a perfectly reasonable man," says the angry husband. "All that I ask is to be allowed to do exactly as I d—— please."

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

"A Modest Inquirer" wishes to know whether, in case Mr. Chase, the President of the American Freedman's Union Commission, should be nominated by the Democrats for President, they would also nominate for Vice-President the Vice-President of the Commission, William Lloyd Garrison?

The probability may perhaps be inferred from a recent published remark of Mr. Garrison's, that he would as soon trust Satan to head a moral reform as the Democratic party to advance the cause of justice and equal rights.

A DUELIST PROMOTED.

It is stated that Baron Kusserow, the Prussian private Secretary of Legation, who fought a duel with Mr. Lawrence, and whose censure was asked of the Prussian Government, has been transferred to London, and to a higher post than that he filled in Washington. This is not surprising, for Prussia is a strictly military monarchy, and the censure or disgrace of a diplomatist for a practice which military honor imperatively justifies, is not to be expected from its Government. The Prussian Court and society are military, the military codes of honor prevail, and it will be long yet before the duel will disgrace in public estimation any officer of the Government. Mr. Seward, of course, could ask and expect nothing more than the recall of a diplomatic person who has violated our laws and defied the public conscience.

A CASE OF EXTREME DESTITUTION.

A philosophic rural paper of the Democratic faith, the *Staten Islander*, says that one of its neighbors of the same party has nominated several candidates for the Presidency, "but no Democrats among them, we believe." It proceeds to say that if the faithful must be beaten again, "or else succeed with a Republican who is a Democrat as to the main live issues," it will fall into line; for, says this stern censor, "we confess we are tired of being beaten; we 'cry, enough'—of that; and, since Sambo is made ruler of the land, we, of course, shall work heartily for 'Massa Chase,' if nominated."

THAT LEG.

We return our sincerest thanks to the generous friends who have so promptly responded to our invitation in behalf of Charles Berkeley, late of Company E, First Regiment United States Colored Infantry, who lost his right leg before Petersburg, and afterward unfortunately broke the substitute furnished by the Government. We have already received forty-four dollars in various sums, and none is too small to be welcome. Should this generosity continue, we shall be able, we hope, by next week to state that the leg is secured. And when it is given to the grateful soldier we shall not fail to accompany it with the wise suggestion of "D," who sends five dollars, that "when he gets on his pins or his pins on again, he had better keep out of haylofts, or else descend by safer means than tumbling."

Advice which the poor fellow will be very sure to follow.

LITERARY.

"Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures," by Russell Sturgis, Jun. This interesting, instructive, and valuable gallery of early pictures is now in the Yale school of the Fine Arts at New Haven, to remain for three years, before which time it is hoped that it may be permanently secured. Mr. Sturgis's little pamphlet is, as he properly calls it, a brief guide to the study of early Christian art, containing simple descriptions of the pictures, just biographical notices, and a most careful expression of opinion. Mr. Sturgis is a ripe and conscientious student of the subject, and his little work is singularly free from meaningless adjectives and generalities. Indeed, with his book and the collection, a student may acquire a very accurate conception of the characteristics and progress of early Christian art, so that a visit to the Great European Gallery would be merely a continuation of the delightful study. Mr. Sturgis has prepared an ingenious and simple chart, by which at a glance the time in which every noted Italian painter flourished, the school with which he is associated, and his relation to the epochs of the other painters is plainly seen. We wish the same knowledge, and skill, and conscience were brought to the preparation of much larger works that Mr. Sturgis has shown in this. His faith is evidently that of every true artist and successful worker—what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

WILD ROSES.

I walked in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

I walked alone in the morning,
And who so glad as I
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high?

Fairer than stars were the roses,
Faint was the fragrance and rare,
Not any flower in the garden
Could with those roses compare.

But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight,
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

Till then stay a while to gladden
The air, and the earth below,
With tender beauty and sweetness
They can not choose but bestow.

So I kissed the roses, and lightly
I breathed of their peace divine;
It is time, when I come back, I said,
To make the sweet roses mine.

I went in the gladsome morning,
I said, we part for an hour;
The branch of wild roses trembled,
The dew was on every flower.

I returned in the joyless evening,
I yearned with passion then
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

For another had taken delight
In color and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine,
I never shall find the wild roses,
The roses I thought were mine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The important legislation of the week has been the adoption of the bill restoring the Southern States. The bill, as passed by the Senate on June 11, and by the House on June 12, admits the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama to representation in either House, and restores them to all the rights of self-government which they abandoned by their rebellion of 1861. Arkansas and Tennessee, having already been restored, this bill, when it shall have received the President's signature or been passed over his veto, will leave only Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to be dealt with. The conditions on which these six States have been admitted are briefly as follows: Their Legislatures must have ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, forever abolishing slavery, and the new Constitutions must guarantee that there shall never be any denial or abridgment of the elective franchise on account of race or color, Indians not taxed excepted. Georgia was required to strike out the provisions in her Constitution preventing the enforcement of contracts made prior to June, 1865. All the States except Georgia are to be admitted when the President shall proclaim the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment by the Legislature, which it is made his duty to do within ten days after receiving notice to that effect. An amendment provides that immediately upon the opening of the President's proclamation the State officers duly elected shall be installed in office, but that no person prohibited by the Fourteenth Amendment from holding office shall be eligible.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Texas Reconstruction Convention is now in session, and has talked of selling a portion of the State to the General Government. Some of the more bitter rebels in the Convention want to adopt the State Convention of 1861, adopted under Confederate rule.

The South Carolina Democratic Convention has selected among its delegates to the New York Convention Wade Hampton, J. B. Campbell, R. B. Rhett, Jun., and M. W. Gary, three of whom were generals in the rebel army.

The new Governor of Florida, Mr. Harrison Reed, has been inaugurated, and the new Legislature has assembled at Tallahassee. The military authorities objected to this action until the readmission bill before Congress had been passed. The Radicals have a majority of thirty-two in the Legislature on joint ballot.

The President on June 12 sent to the Senate the nomination of Reverdy Johnson as Minister to England, and that body promptly confirmed it.

The name of President Andrew Johnson has been stricken from the roll of membership of the New York Union League.

FOREIGN NEWS.

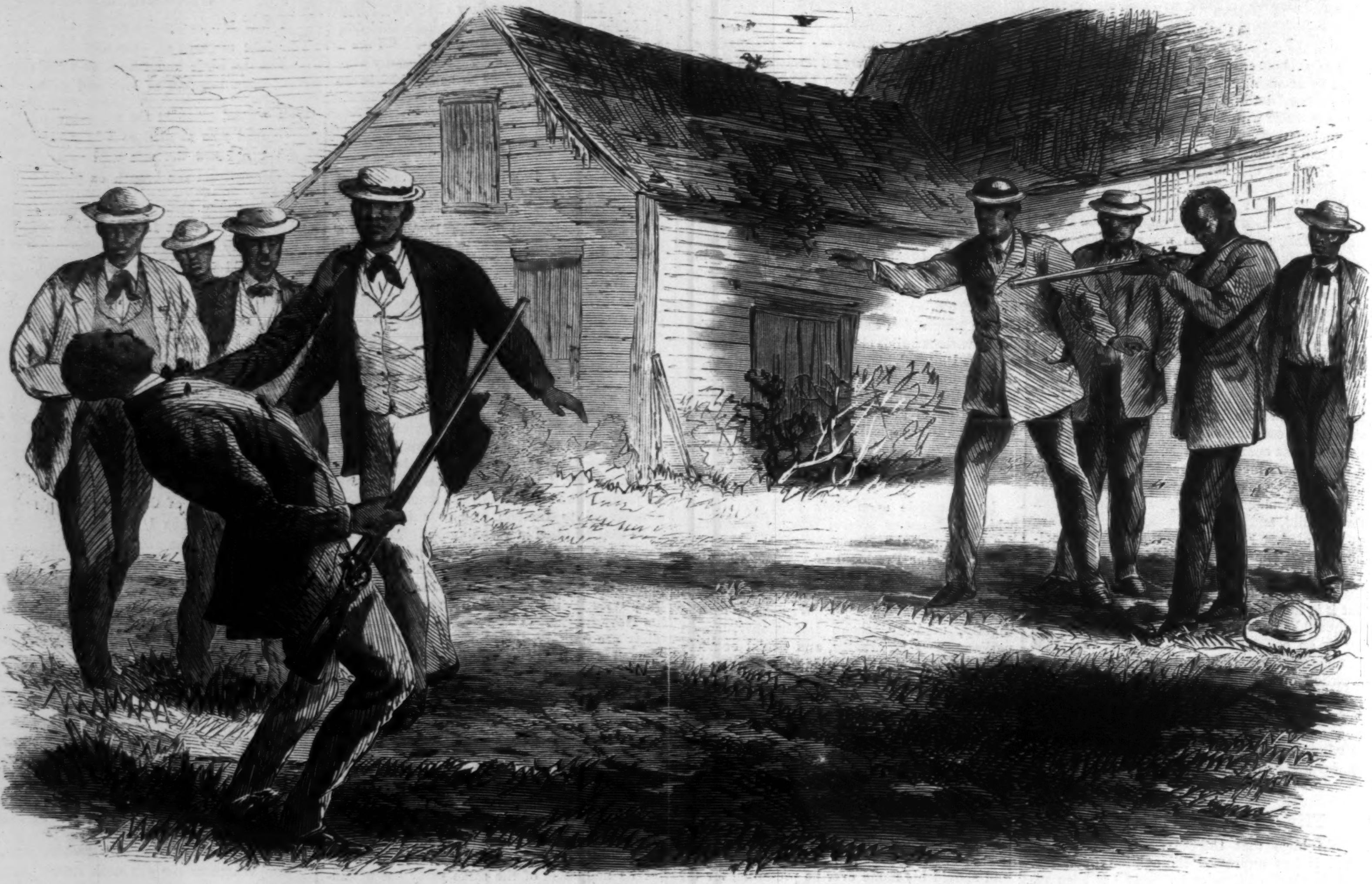
The Mauna Loa volcanic eruption still continued forty-one days after the first demonstration, and the accompanying earthquake shocks are still felt throughout Hawaii. Nature has also been largely indulging in water-spouts in the same region.

Michel the Third, ruler of Servia, was assassinated at Belgrade on June 10. His nephew, Michel IV., succeeds him.

Czar Alexander of Russia and Emperor Napoleon of France have turned Humanitarians. The former wants a Congress of all nations to agree to discontinue the use in time of war of torpedoes and bullets which explode after entering the flesh. A wise amendment would prohibit the use of *all* torpedoes and bullets in time of war.

The Sultan of Turkey, in addition to his other reforms, has wisely concluded to attract foreigners to his Empire by empowering them to hold real estate. The Viceroy of Egypt contemplates the same reform.

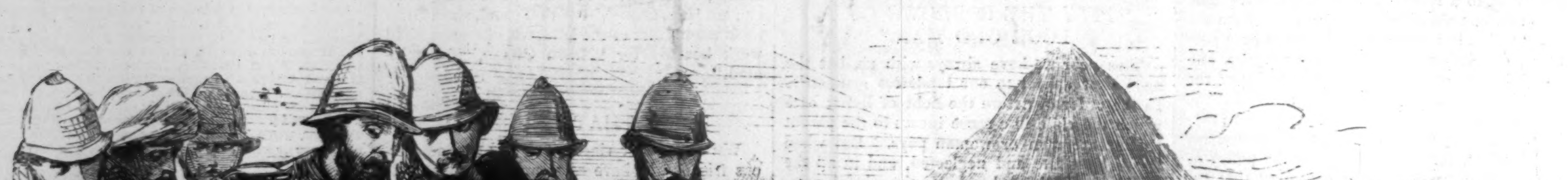
The Brazilian troops made an attack on the rear of Humaitia, Paraguay, lately and were badly repulsed.



DUEL BETWEEN COLORED MEN NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE SAVANNAH DUEL.

Upon this page we give an illustration of a duel lately fought at Sereven's Ferry on the South Carolina shore, opposite Savannah, between two colored men, Jackson Brand and Eugene Morehead, who were formerly slaves. The facts as reported to us from Savannah are, that Brand was formerly a stanch Republican and member of the Loyal League, but had recently joined the "Conservative" party, and was President of a Conservative Club of which Morehead was Vice-President. The latter, suspecting the fidelity of Brand, accused him of having said, as a member of the Loyal League, that he would yet wash his hands in the blood of South-



KING THEODORE, AS HE LAY DEAD AT MAGDALA, April 13, 1868.—[See Page 405.]

ern men. **Brand** indignantly denied the charge, and the disputants were separated by friends. The next day **Brand** sent a challenge to **Morehead** by **Hardee** the Secretary of the Club. It was accepted by **Morehead**, who chose double-barreled shot-guns loaded with eight slugs; and the combatants were next morning placed at fifteen paces distance. Both fired together. **Morehead** was untouched, and cried, "By ——, I have got him!" as **Brand** fell, exclaiming, "I am not whipped yet!" He was shot in both thighs, and bled profusely, **Morehead** professing that he had intended merely to lame him. **Brand** asked to be supported upon his feet for another shot. This was of course refused; and after **Morehead** had approached and shaken hands, **Brand** was carried to his house, where physicians were called; but the prostration was such that he lived only two hours and a half. Unfortunately there was no surgeon on the field.

In itself this duel was just as absurd and tragical as a duel between any other two men. But, although mournful in itself, this incident is of great significance. The personal courage of the combatants is undeniable. The canons of "the code" were all faithfully observed. It was, indeed, the imitation of a very wretched example set to these men by the lately dominant class, whose chivalry was but a form of barbarism. But the duel must be regarded as an illustration of an awakening sense of manhood and even of self-respect, showing itself in an irregular and deplorable form. It suggests, also, the hopelessness of any effort at renewed degradation of that manhood by any practical reaction; and exhorts us to still more diligent labors to promote that education of the mind, and heart, and conscience which will make such men as **Brand** and **Morehead** truly valuable fellow-citizens.

KING THEODORE'S BODY.

We give, as the fitting sequel to our illustrations of the Abyssinian war, a sketch of the dead body of King **Theodore** laid upon a hammock in the camp at Magdala, surrounded by a guard of British soldiers. His face, though in complexion very dark, had nothing whatever of the negro about it. The features were finely cut and very expressive of power and strength of will; the brow massive and thoughtful, indicative of great natural intelligence. His frame was slight, but well shaped and firmly knit. He had refused to take any food, it is said, during the last three or four days before his death. His body was placed in the outer porch of the hovel at Magdala, called a church, for as a suicide **Theodore** could not be given Christian rites or military honors. It was intended that the church should be spared from the general conflagration of Magdala, lest the priests should say that the common tie of Christianity between conquerors and conquered had been forgotten. But, despite the precautions taken, the flames seized fiercely upon the building, and in a few minutes not a trace was left to distinguish the spot in which the Emperor lay from the blackened ruins around.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VIII.

Late that evening I was surprised at my lodgings by a visit from Mr. Bruff.

There was a noticeable change in the lawyer's manner. It had lost its usual confidence and spirit. He shook hands with me, for the first time in his life, in silence.

"Are you going back to Hampstead?" I asked, by way of saying something.

"I have just left Hampstead," he answered. "I know, Mr. Franklin, that you have got at the truth at last. But, I tell you plainly, if I could have foreseen the price that was to be paid for it, I should have preferred leaving you in the dark."

"You have seen Rachel?"

"I have come here after taking her back to Portland Place; it was impossible to let her return in the carriage by herself. I can hardly hold you responsible—considering that you saw her in my house and by my permission—for the shock that this unlucky interview has inflicted on her. All I can do is to provide against a repetition of the mischief. She is young—she has a resolute spirit—she will get over this, with time and rest to help her. I want to be assured that you will do nothing to hinder her recovery. May I depend on your making no second attempt to see her—except with my sanction and approval?"

"After what she has suffered, and after what I have suffered," I said, "you may rely on me."

"I have your promise?"

"You have my promise."

Mr. Bruff looked relieved. He put down his hat and drew his chair nearer to mine.

"That's settled!" he said. "Now about the future—*your* future, I mean. To my mind the result of the extraordinary turn which the matter has now taken is briefly this. In the first place, we are sure that Rachel has told you the whole truth, as plainly as words can tell it. In the second place—though we know that there must be some dreadful mistake somewhere—we can hardly blame her for believing you to be guilty, on the evidence of her own senses, backed, as that evidence has been, by circumstances which appear, on the face of them, to tell dead against you."

There I interposed. "I don't blame Rachel," I said. "I only regret that she could not prevail on herself to speak more plainly to me at the time."

"You might as well regret that Rachel is not somebody else," rejoined Mr. Bruff. "And even then I doubt if a girl of any delicacy, whose heart had been set on marrying you, could have brought herself to charge you to your face with being a thief. Any how, it was not in Rachel's nature to do it. In a very different matter to this matter of yours—which placed her, however, in a position not altogether unlike her position toward you—I happen to know that she was influenced by a similar motive to the motive which actuated her conduct in your case. Besides, as she told me herself, on our way to town this evening, if she *had* spoken plainly, she would no more have believed your denial then than she believes it now. What answer can you make to that? There is no answer to be made to it. Come! come! Mr. Franklin, my view of the case has been proved to be all wrong, I admit—but, as things are now, my advice may be worth having for all that. I tell you plainly, we shall be wasting our time and cudgeling our brains to no purpose if we attempt to try back, and unravel this frightful complication from the beginning. Let us close our minds resolutely to all that happened last year at Lady Verinder's country house; and let us look to what we *can* discover in the future, instead of to what we can *not* discover in the past."

"Surely you forget," I said, "that the whole thing is essentially a matter of the past—so far as I am concerned?"

"Answer me this," retorted Mr. Bruff. "Is the Moonstone at the bottom of all the mischief—or is it not?"

"It is—of course."

"Very good. What do we believe was done with the Moonstone when it was taken to London?"

"It was pledged to Mr. Luker."

"We know that you are not the person who pledged it. Do we know who did?"

"No."

"Where do we believe the Moonstone to be now?"

"Deposited in the keeping of Mr. Luker's bankers."

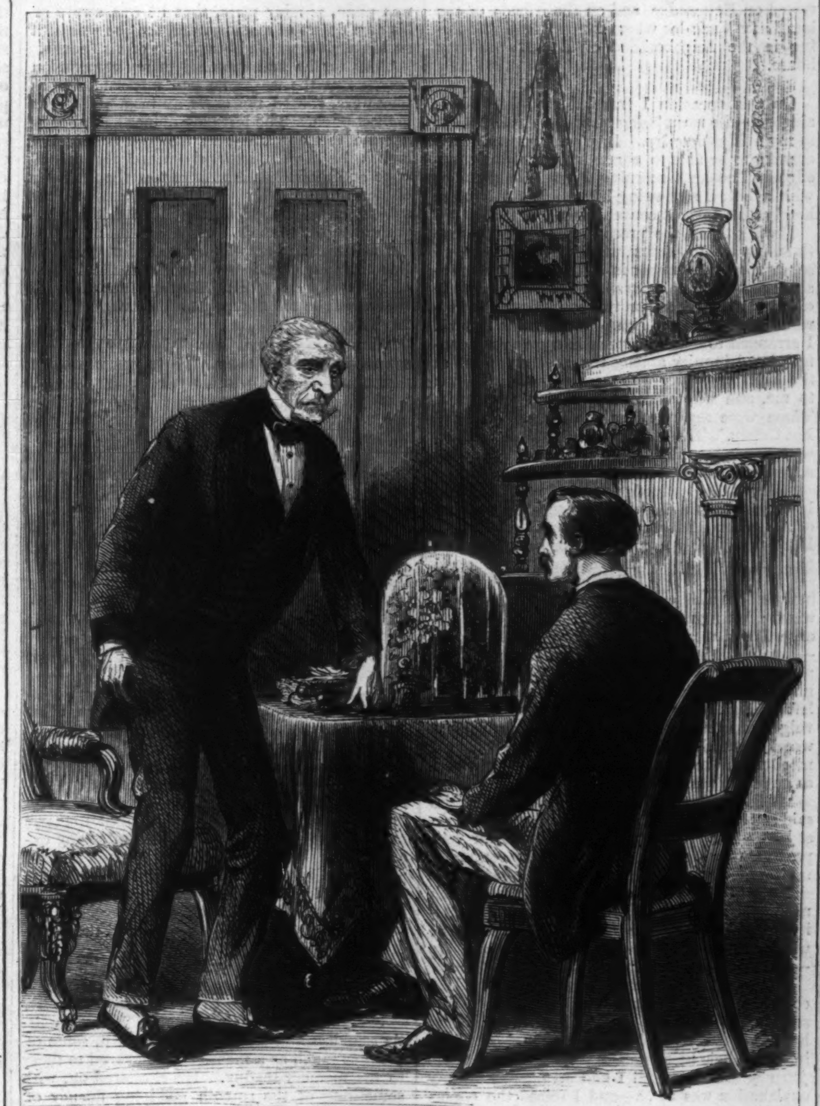
"Exactly. Now observe. We are already in the month of June. Toward the end of the month (I can't be particular to a day) a year will have elapsed from the time when we believe the jewel to have been pledged. There is a chance—to say the least—that the person who pawned it may be prepared to redeem it when the year's time has expired. If he redeems it, Mr. Luker must himself—according to the terms of his own arrangement—take the Diamond out of his bankers' hands. Under these circumstances I propose setting a watch at the bank, as the present month draws to an end, and discovering who the person is to whom Mr. Luker restores the Moonstone. Do you see it now?"

I admitted (a little unwillingly) that the idea was a new one, at any rate.

"It's Mr. Murthwaite's idea quite as much as mine," said Mr. Bruff. "It might have never entered my head but for a conversation we had together some time since. If Mr. Murthwaite is right, the Indians are likely to be on the look-out at the bank, toward the end of the month too—and something serious may come of it. What comes of it doesn't matter to you and me—except as it may help us to lay our hands on the mysterious Somebody who pawned the Diamond. That person, you may rely on it, is responsible (I don't pretend to know how) for the position in which you stand at this moment; and that person alone can set you right in Rachel's estimation."

"I can't deny," I said, "that the plan you propose meets the difficulty in a way that is very daring, and very ingenious, and very new. But—"

"But you have an objection to make?"



"HE STARTED IMPULSIVELY TO HIS FEET AND LOOKED AT ME."

"Yes. My objection is that your proposal obliges us to wait."

"Granted. As I reckon the time, it requires you to wait about a fortnight—more or less. Is that so very long?"

"It's a lifetime, Mr. Bruff, in such a situation as mine. My existence will be simply unendurable to me, unless I do something toward clearing my character at once."

"Well, well, I understand that. Have you thought yet of what you can do?"

"I have thought of consulting Sergeant Cuff."

"He has retired from the police. It's useless to expect the Sergeant to help you."

"I know where to find him; and I can but try."

"Try," said Mr. Bruff, after a moment's consideration. "The case has assumed such an extraordinary aspect since Sergeant Cuff's time that you *may* revive his interest in the inquiry. Try, and let me hear the result. In the mean while," he continued, rising, "if you make no discoveries between this and the end of the month, am I free to try, on my side, what can be done by keeping a look-out at the bank?"

"Certainly," I answered—"unless I relieve you of all necessity for trying the experiment in the interval."

Mr. Bruff smiled, and took up his hat.

"Tell Sergeant Cuff," he rejoined, "that *I* say the discovery of the truth depends on the discovery of the person who pawned the Diamond. And let me hear what the Sergeant's experience says to that."

So we parted for that night.

Early the next morning I set forth for the little town of Dorking—the place of Sergeant Cuff's retirement, as indicated to me by Betteredge.

Inquiring at the hotel I received the necessary directions for finding the Sergeant's cottage. It was approached by a quiet by-road, a little way out of the town, and it stood snugly in the middle of its own plot of garden ground, protected by a good brick wall at the back and the sides, and by a high quickset hedge in front. The gate, ornamented at the upper part by smartly-painted trellis-work, was locked. After ringing at the bell I peered through the trellis-work, and saw the great Cuff's favorite flower every where: blooming in his garden, clustering over his door, looking in at his windows. Far from the crimes and the mysteries of the great city, the illustrious thief-taker was placidly living out the last Sybarite years of his life, smothered in roses!

A decent elderly woman opened the gate to me, and at once annihilated all the hopes I had built on securing the assistance of Sergeant Cuff. He had started, only the day before, on a journey to Ireland.

"Has he gone there on business?" I asked.

The woman smiled. "He has only one business now, Sir," she said, "and that's roses. Some great man's gardener in Ireland has found out something new in the growing of roses—and Mr. Cuff's away to inquire into it."

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"It's quite uncertain, Sir. Mr. Cuff said he should come back directly, or be away some time, just according as he found the new discovery worth nothing, or worth looking into. If you have any message to leave for him, I'll take care, Sir, that he gets it."

I gave her my card, having first written on it in pencil: "I have something to say about the Moonstone. Let me hear from you as soon as you get back." That done, there was nothing left but to submit to circumstances, and return to London.

In the irritable condition of my mind, at the time of which I am now writing, the abortive result of my journey to the Sergeant's cottage simply aggravated the restless impulse in me to be doing something. On the day of my return from Dorking I determined that the next morning should find me bent on a new effort forcing my way, through all obstacles, from the darkness to the light.

What form was my next experiment to take?

If the excellent Betteredge had been present while I was considering that question, and if he had been let into the secret of my thoughts, he would, no doubt, have declared that the German side of me was, on this occasion, my uppermost side. To speak seriously, it is perhaps possible that my German training was in some degree responsible for the labyrinth of useless speculations in which I now involved myself. For the greater part of the night I sat smoking, and building up theories, one more profoundly improbable than another. When I did get to sleep my waking fancies pursued me in dreams. I rose the next morning, with Objective-Subjective and Subjective-Objective inextricably entangled together in my mind; and I began the day which was to witness my next effort at practical action of some kind, by doubting whether I had any sort of right (on purely philosophical grounds) to consider any sort of thing (the Diamond included) as existing at all.

How long I might have remained lost in the mist of my own metaphysics, if I had been left to extricate myself, it is impossible for me to say. As the event proved, accident came to my rescue, and happily delivered me. I happened to wear, that morning, the same coat which I had worn on the day of my interview with Rachel. Searching for something else in one of the pockets, I came upon a crumpled piece of paper, and, taking it out, found Betteredge's forgotten letter in my hand.

It seemed hard on my good old friend to leave him without a reply. I went to my writing-table, and read his letter again.

A letter which has nothing of the slightest importance in it is not always an easy letter to answer. Betteredge's present effort at corresponding with me came within this category. Mr. Candy's assistant, otherwise Ezra Jennings, had told his master that he had seen me; and Mr. Candy, in his turn, wanted to see me and say something to me, when I was next in the neighborhood of Frizinghall. What was to be said in answer to that, which would be worth the paper it was written on? I sat idly drawing likenesses from memory of Mr. Candy's remarkable-looking assistant, on the sheet of paper which I had vowed to dedicate to Betteredge—until it suddenly occurred to me that here was the irrepressible Ezra Jennings getting in my way again! I threw a dozen portraits, at least, of the man with the piebald hair (the hair in every case remarkably like) into the waste-paper basket—and then and there wrote my answer to Betteredge. It was a perfect commonplace letter—but it had one excellent effect on me. The effort of writing a few sentences, in plain English, completely cleared my mind of the cloudy nonsense which had filled it since the previous day.

Devoting myself once more to the elucidation of the impenetrable puzzle which my own position presented me, I now tried to meet the difficulty by investigating it from a plainly practical point of view. The events of the memorable night being still unintelligible to me, I looked a little farther back, and searched my memory of the earlier hours of the birthday for any incident which might prove of some assistance to me in finding the clew.

Had any thing happened while Rachel and I were finishing the painted door? or, later, when I rode over to Frizinghall? or afterward, when I went back with Godfrey Ablewhite and his sisters? or, later again, when I put the Moonstone into Rachel's hands? or, later still, when the company came, and we all assembled round the dinner-table? My memory disposed of that string of questions readily enough until I came to the last. Looking back at the social events of the birthday dinner I found myself brought to a stand-still at the outset of the inquiry. I was not even capable of accurately remembering the number of the guests who had sat at the same table with me.

To feel myself completely at fault here, and to conclude, thereupon, that the incidents of the dinner might especially repay the trouble of investigating them, formed parts of the same mental process in my case. I believe other people, in a similar situation, would have reasoned as I did. When the pursuit of our own interests causes us to become objects of inquiry to ourselves, we are naturally suspicious of what we don't know. Once in possession of the names of the persons who had been present at the dinner, I resolved—as a means of enriching the deficient resources of my own memory—to appeal to the memories of the rest of the guests; to write down all that they could recollect of the social events of the birthday; and to test the result, thus obtained, by the light of what had happened afterward when the company had left the house.

This last and newest of my many contemplated experiments in the art of inquiry—which Betteredge would probably have attributed to the clear-headed, or French, side of me being uppermost for the moment—may fairly claim record here, on its own merits. Unlikely as it may seem, I had now actually groped my way to the root of the matter at last. All I wanted was a hint to guide me in the right direction at starting. Before another day had passed over my head that hint was given me by one of the company who had been present at the birthday feast.

With the plan of proceeding which I now had in view, it was first necessary to possess the complete list of the guests. This I could easily obtain from Gabriel Betteredge. I determined to go back to Yorkshire on that day, and to begin my contemplated investigation the next morning.

It was just too late to start by the train which left London before noon. There was no alternative but to wait, nearly three hours, for the departure of the next train. Was there any thing I could do in London which might usefully occupy this interval of time?

My thoughts went back again obstinately to the birthday dinner.

Though I had forgotten the numbers, and, in many cases, the names of the guests, I remembered readily enough that by far the larger proportion of them came from Frizinghall, or from its neighborhood. But the larger proportion was not all. Some few of us were not regular residents in the county. I myself was one of the few. Mr. Murthwaite was another. Godfrey Ablewhite was a third. Mr. Bruff—no: I called to mind that business had prevented Mr. Bruff from making one of the party. Had any ladies been present whose usual residence was in London? I could only remember Miss Clack as coming within this latter category. However, here were three of the guests, at any rate, whom it was clearly advisable for me to see before I left town. I drove off at once to Mr. Bruff's office; not knowing the addresses of the persons of whom I was in search, and thinking it probable that he might put me in the way of finding them.

Mr. Bruff proved to be too busy to give me more than a minute of his valuable time. In that minute, however, he contrived to dispose—in the most discouraging manner—of all the questions I had put to him.

In the first place, he considered my newly-discovered method of finding a clew to the mystery as something too purely fanciful to be seriously discussed. In the second, third, and fourth places, Mr. Murthwaite was now on his way back to the scene of his past adventures; Miss Clack had suffered losses, and had settled, from motives of economy, in France; Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite might or might not be discoverable somewhere in London. Suppose I inquired at his club? And suppose I excused Mr. Bruff if he went back to his business and wished me good-morning?

The field of inquiry in London being now so narrowed as only to include the one necessity of discovering Godfrey's address, I took the lawyer's hint, and drove to his club.

In the hall I met with one of the members, who was an old friend of my cousin's, and who was also an acquaintance of my own. This gentleman, after enlightening me on the subject of Godfrey's address, told me of two recent events in his life, which were of some importance in themselves, and which had not previously reached my ears.

It appeared that Godfrey, far from being discouraged by Rachel's withdrawal from her engagement to him, had made matrimonial advances soon afterward to another young lady, reputed to be a great heiress. His suit had prospered, and his marriage had been considered as a settled and certain thing. But, here again, the engagement had been suddenly and unexpectedly broken off—owing, it was said, on this occasion, to a serious difference of opinion between the bridegroom and the lady's father on the question of settlements.

As some compensation for this second matrimonial disaster, Godfrey had soon afterward found himself the object of fond pecuniary remembrance, on the part of one of his many admirers. A rich old lady—highly respected at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, and a great friend of Miss Clack's (to whom she had left nothing but a mourning ring)—had bequeathed to the admirable and meritorious Godfrey a legacy of five thousand pounds. After receiving this handsome addition to his own modest pecuniary resources, he had been heard to say that he felt the necessity of getting a little respite from his charitable labors, and that his doctor prescribed "a run on the Continent, as likely to be productive of much future benefit to his health." If I wanted to see him, it would be advisable to lose no time in paying my contemplated visit.

I went, then and there, to pay my visit.

The same fatality which had made me just one day too late in calling on Sergeant Cuff made me again one day too late in calling on Godfrey. He had left London, on the previous morning, by the tidal train for Dover. He was to cross to Ostend; and his servant believed he was going on to Brussels. The time of his return was a little uncertain; but I might be sure that he would be away at least three months.

I went back to my lodgings a little depressed in spirits. Three of the guests at the birthday dinner—and those three all exceptionally intelligent people—were out of my reach, at the very time when it was most important to be able to communicate with them. My last hopes now rested on Betteredge, and on the friends of the late Lady Verinder whom I might still find living in the neighborhood of Rachel's country house.

On this occasion I traveled straight to Frizinghall—the town being now the central point in my field of inquiry. I arrived too late in the evening to be able to communicate with Betteredge. The next morning I sent a messenger with a letter, requesting him to join me at the hotel at his earliest convenience.

Having taken the precaution—partly to save time, partly to accommodate Betteredge—of sending my messenger in a fly, I had a reasonable prospect, if no delays occurred, of seeing the old man within less than two hours from the time when I had sent for him. During this interval I arranged to employ myself in opening my contemplated inquiry among the guests present at the birthday dinner who were personally known to me, and who were easily within my reach. These were my relatives, the Ablewhites, and Mr. Candy. The doctor had expressed a special wish to see me, and the doctor lived in the next street. So to Mr. Candy I went first.

After what Betteredge had told me, I naturally anticipated finding traces in the doctor's face of the severe illness from which he had suffered. But I was utterly unprepared for such a change as I saw in him when he entered the room and shook hands with me. His eyes were dim; his hair had turned completely gray; his face was wizen; his figure had shrunk. I looked at the once lively, rattle-pated, humorous little doctor—associated in my remembrance with the perpetration of incorrigible social indiscretions and innumerable boyish jokes—and I saw nothing left of his former self but the old tendency to vulgar smartness in his dress. The man was a wreck; but his clothes and his jewelry—in cruel mockery of the change in him—were as gay and as gaudy as ever.

"I have often thought of you, Mr. Blake," he said; "and I am heartily glad to see you again at last. If there is any thing I can do for you, pray command my services, Sir—pray command my services!"

He said those few commonplace words with needless hurry and eagerness, and with a curiosity to know what had brought me to Yorkshire, which he was perfectly—I might say childishly—incapable of concealing from notice.

With the object that I had in view, I had of course foreseen the necessity of entering into some sort of personal explanation, before I could hope to interest people, mostly strangers to me, in doing their best to assist my inquiry. On the journey to Frizinghall I had arranged what my explanation was to be—and I seized the opportunity now offered to me of trying the effect of it on Mr. Candy.

"I was in Yorkshire the other day, and I am in Yorkshire again now, on rather a romantic errand," I said. "It is a matter, Mr. Candy, in which the late lady Verinder's friends all took some interest. You remember the mysterious loss of the Indian Diamond, now nearly a year since? Circumstances have lately happened which lead to the hope that it may yet be found—and I am interesting myself, as one of the family, in recovering it. Among the obstacles in my way, there is the necessity of collecting again all the evidence which was discovered at the time, and more if possible. There are peculiarities in this case, which make it desirable to revive my recollection of every thing that happened in the house on the evening of Miss Verinder's birthday. And I venture to appeal to her late mother's friends who were present on that occasion to lend me the assistance of their memories—"

I had got as far as that in rehearsing my explanatory phrases, when I was suddenly checked by seeing plainly in Mr. Candy's face that my experiment on him was a total failure.

The little doctor sat restlessly picking at the points of his fingers all the time I was speaking. His dim, watery eyes were fixed on my face with an expression of vacant and wistful inquiry very painful to see. What he was thinking of it was impossible to divine. The one thing clearly visible was that I had failed, after the first two or three words, in fixing his attention. The only chance of recalling him to himself appeared to lie in changing the subject. I tried a new topic immediately.

"So much," I said, gayly, "for what brings me to Frizinghall! Now, Mr. Candy, it's your turn. You sent me a message by Gabriel Betteredge—"

He left off picking at his fingers, and suddenly brightened up.

"Yes! yes! yes!" he exclaimed eagerly. "That's it! I sent you a message!"

"And Betteredge duly communicated it by letter," I went on. "You had something to say to me the next time I was in your neighborhood. Well, Mr. Candy, here I am!"

"Here you are!" echoed the doctor. "And Betteredge was quite right. I had something to say to you. That was my message. Betteredge is a wonderful man. What a memory! At his age, what a memory!"

He dropped back into silence, and began picking at his fingers again. Recollecting what I had heard from Betteredge about the effect of the fever on his memory, I went on with the conversation in the hope that I might help him at starting.

"It's a long time since we met," I said. "We last saw each other at the last birthday dinner my poor aunt was ever to give."

"That's it!" cried Mr. Candy. "The birthday dinner!" He started impulsively to his feet and looked at me. A deep flush suddenly overspread his faded face, and he abruptly sat down again, as if conscious of having betrayed a weakness which he would fain have concealed. It was plain, pitiably plain, that he was aware of his own defect of memory, and that he was bent on hiding it from the observation of his friends.

Thus far he had appealed to my compassion only. But the words he had just said, few as they were, roused my curiosity instantly to the highest pitch. The birthday dinner had already become the one event in the past at which I looked back with strangely-mixed feelings of hope and distrust. And here was the birthday dinner unmistakably proclaiming itself as the subject on which Mr. Candy had something important to say to me!

I attempted to help him out once more. But this time my own interests were at the bottom of my compassionate motive, and they hurried me on a little too abruptly to the end that I had in view.

"It's nearly a year now," I said, "since we sat at that pleasant table. Have you made any memorandum—in your diary, or otherwise—of what you wanted to say to me?"

Mr. Candy understood the suggestion, and showed me that he understood it, as an insult.

"I require no memorandums, Mr. Blake," he said, stiffly enough. "I am not such a very old man yet—and my memory (thank God) is to be thoroughly depended on!"

It is needless to say that I declined to understand that he was offended with me.

"I wish I could say the same of *my* memory," I answered. "When *I* try to think of matters that are a year old, I seldom find my remembrance as vivid as I could wish it to be. Take the dinner at Lady Verinder's, for instance—"

Mr. Candy brightened up again, the moment the allusion passed my lips.

"Ah! the dinner, the dinner at Lady Verinder's!" he exclaimed more eagerly than ever. "I have got something to say to you about that."

His eyes looked at me again with the painful expression of inquiry, so wistful, so vacant, so miserably helpless to see. He was evidently trying hard, and trying in vain, to recover the lost recollection. "It was a very pleasant dinner," he burst out suddenly, with an air of saying exactly what he had wanted to say. "A very pleasant dinner, Mr. Blake, wasn't it?" He nodded and smiled, and appeared to think, poor fellow, that he had succeeded in concealing the total failure of his memory, by a well-timed exertion of his own presence of mind.

It was so distressing that I at once shifted the talk—deeply as I was interested in his recovering the lost remembrance—to topics of local interest.

Here he got on glibly enough. Trumpery little scandals and quarrels in the town, some of them as much as a month old, appeared to recur to his memory readily. He chattered on, with something of the smooth gossiping fluency of former times. But there were moments, even in the full flow of his talkativeness, when he suddenly hesitated—looked at me for a moment with the vacant inquiry once more in his eyes—controlled himself—and went on again. I submitted patiently to my martyrdom (it is surely nothing less than martyrdom, to a man of cosmopolitan sympathies, to absorb in silent resignation the news of a country town?) until the clock on the chimney-piece told me that my visit had been prolonged beyond half an hour. Having now some right to consider the sacrifice as complete, I rose to take leave. As we shook hands, Mr. Candy reverted to the birthday festival of his own accord.

"I am so glad we have met again," he said. "I had it on my mind—I really had it on my mind, Mr. Blake, to speak to you. About the dinner at Lady Verinder's, you know? A pleasant dinner—really a pleasant dinner now, wasn't it?"

On repeating the phrase he seemed to feel hardly as certain of having prevented me from suspecting his lapse of memory as he had felt on the first occasion. The wistful look clouded his face again; and, after apparently designing to accompany me to the street door, he suddenly changed his mind, rang the bell for the servant, and remained in the drawing-room.

I went slowly down the doctor's stairs, feeling the disheartening conviction that he really had something to say which it was vitally important to me to hear, and that he was morally incapable of saying it. The effort of remembering that he wanted to speak to me was but too evidently the only effort that his enfeebled memory was now able to achieve.

Just as I had reached the bottom of the stairs, and had turned a corner on my way to the outer hall, a door opened softly somewhere on the ground-floor of the house, and a gentle voice said behind me:

"I am afraid, Sir, you find Mr. Candy sadly changed?"

I turned round, and found myself face to face with Ezra Jennings.

THE SOLITAIRE.

Hattie sat in a low rocker crocheting. The soft Berlin wool wound itself around the small nervous fingers, and seemingly without care or thought from the fair architect the article grew into wonderfully symmetrical proportions. Once in a while, it is true, she held it up for a moment's inspection, and then rattled away again with the little ivory-handled, steel-barbed instrument, with which in some unaccountable manner she seemed to entangle my heart with as much deftness and apparent carelessness as the fleecy wool which unwound itself from her white aproned lap. This was a pretty picture—a picture that had often presented itself, and one which would bear the closest and most critical inspection. But some way this morning my sensations were not so profoundly satisfactory as they had been on previous occasions, and I accounted for it in this wise: Harriet Hertford, the fair knitter described above, was spending the winter with my cousin Blanche Perry; old schoolmates these young ladies were; about the same age, Blanche said, and she was twenty-one. I was also a visitor, with considerable privilege. At the close of the Rebellion shattered in health, and entirely disqualified by a severe wound in my left shoulder, and a nervous prostration resulting from protracted military duty, for any kind of business, I accepted the invitation of my uncle to make his house my home until I found myself perfectly well again. My aunt, a most estimable lady, and capital nurse, promoted my comfort in every imaginable way. Blanche, too, was sensible, kind, and cousinly, willing and apparently glad to bring her stock of entertainment (which, by-the-way, was a well-assorted one) for my amusement, and sometimes, I fear, querulous criticism. Hattie, as they all called her, was at first extremely shy of me; but after a little seemed to catch the loving magnetism of the family, and many were the little favors I received at her hands. The morning paper she always read to me. Once, when my toast was not exactly the shade of brown she thought suitable for an invalid, she offered to show me how evenly she could color the home-made slice; and from thenceforth her fair fingers prepared not only the toast, but many other delicacies which no one else in the house had ever heard of. I used to wonder how she became possessed of so much culinary ability; and one morning, when she had placed before me an omelet which, in point of flavor and delectable appearance, I never saw equaled, I ventured to ask her how she came by this wonderful knowledge.

"Eat your breakfast like a good boy, Robert, and I will tell you," she replied. "My father, God bless him, was an invalid for many years before he died, and my mother, a very domestic woman, spent a great part of her time endeavoring to tempt the miserable appetite. I believe (though it is extremely unfashionable to admit it) that I must have been born with a natural 'penchant' for the details of cookery; and I grew to assisting until I really outrivaled my experienced mother; and long before I could conjugate a single French verb I was familiar with every housekeeping detail. I wonder," she concluded, "that all women do not like to cook. There is something as artistic to me in the preparation of a beautiful appetizing dish as in the painting of a fine picture. One certainly does not get daubed any more with the former than the latter."

But as I was telling you this morning I was uneasy. Hattie had read every item of interest in the *Times*, had assisted me from the breakfast parlor to the library (an unusual favor), and now with her fair head bent over the everlasting knitting seemed, even while she wrought still more entanglement with her delicate manipulations of the wool and my susceptibilities, to be so entirely engrossed with some foreign subject as to preclude all thought of me. The evening before Frank Hertford, Blanche's brother, had run down from the city and taken Hattie sleigh-riding. I shall never forget how sweetly she looked in the soft, fleecy wrappings, with just enough of crimson blended with the immaculate white to give the brown eyes a still browner shade, and to form a tasteful frame-work for the exquisitely oval face.

"I am so sorry, Robert, you can not have any fun this winter," she said, coming up to my arm-chair and smoothing back the hair from my temples. "But the first real fine day I'll take you out riding myself;" and she hurried off. I watched her spring into the sleigh, laughingly throw us a good-by kiss, and then, more depressed than I had ever been in my life, I went to bed. Hattie noticed, the moment her eyes sought my face the next morning, that I was not looking as well as usual; and *I* noticed that on the forefinger of her left hand she wore a ring—an expensive solitaire diamond—that I had never seen there before. How easy of explanation!—the engagement-ring, of course. Frank had taken the first train up in the morning, and, so far as I was able to judge, there had been no mention made of the affair to the family. "Who but a fool and an invalid would ever have been caught in such a scrape as this?" I whispered to myself. For what purpose had a mysterious Providence thrown us into this singularly friendly companionship? I was puzzled to discover any justice in the arrangement, and the man who had performed his duty pretty fairly on the battle-field; who had faced grape and canister with tolerably good grace, had now succumbed entirely to a little arrow which had entered the soul without pain, but bade fair to produce more excruciating misery than I had ever in my life endured. So I watched the precious stone scintillate and sparkle—watched the little hands weave the intricate and torturing meshes, until it seemed that one more evolution of the glistening needle—one more flash of that engagement diamond, would drive me insane. Fine place for a soldier! But Hattie worked away industriously, and I changed my position.

"Do not attempt to read, Robert," said she, as her quick ear caught the sound of page-turning. "The doctor, you know, has especially forbidden that. Allow me," and the work was thrown aside, and the dear girl took possession of the magazine, and insisted upon knowing what article I preferred.

"But you are busy with your knitting," I replied. "I dislike very much to interfere with every one's pleasures, as I seem to be constantly doing."

"Nonsense! What do you think I care for this foolish crocheting? Really, I have not given the work a moment's thought; only you see it is so natural for me to be employed; and, after all, what does it amount to? My life seems to me, Robert, very tame and purposeless to-day."

"To-day, Hattie? Why, that is almost incredible," and I attempted to look very cheerful and almost amused. A fellow might as well put a good face on such matters, and then a sort of bull-dog determination possessed me to make her confide in me.

"Why not to-day, Robert?" and her eyes took on a weary look, and the little hands folded themselves over the magazine in a sort of try-to-be-resigned manner, which was new, to say the least. "I should like to be a man, Robert," she continued, without giving me time to answer her last question. "Men have an opportunity for grand active life work! Men can step outside of a given circle—can do something to elevate humanity—something noble, and become distinguished—but the moment a woman attempts any thing of the sort that moment that woman becomes unwomanly; and she is only mentioned by the masses in terms of denunciation."

"Just as it should be, Hattie," I replied. "Woman's kingdom is home; that is her own especial province, and there millions have become distinguished. What would life be to me now without the loving protecting influence of woman? Oh, Hattie, if you knew how grateful and refreshing were your kind ministrations, you would never sigh for a broader field."

The pink on her cheek deepened a little as she caught my earnest expression, and she replied,

"But you are ill now, Robert, and overrate our endeavors for your comfort; but are we not able to fill other positions with credit besides those of nurses and housekeepers?"

"And wives and mothers," I added, quietly. "I think not with distinction."

"Well, perhaps not," she answered. "And one might as well be content with the sphere assigned one; and, after all, this vague longing after something unattainable is ridiculous, and I will not spend another morning so foolishly."

I had almost forgotten the sleigh-ride—and new solitaire—so earnest had our conversation become; and when a few moments after Blanche came in, and in her impulsive manner declared a storm was coming, and opened the piano and commenced, "The day is cold, and dark, and dreary," I felt that *my* day was indeed a cloudy one. An invalid—almost helpless—in love with a woman who had plighted her troth to another. Had illness and weakness so bereft me of all manliness? "Now, Sir," said I to myself, after retiring, "you and I must come to an understanding," and we did. I promised my own soul that I would persistently smother every feeling of affection, and play my part as well as I could until able once more to mingle with the outside world. Day after day passed, and some way I did not improve. Frank came down once or twice a week, but I never saw him with Hattie on account of being compelled to retire early. Once my aunt said to me:

"Robert, I think Frank is very fond of Harriet, and I am glad to know it; for I can think of no one I could take to my heart as a daughter so easily." So she was not aware of the engagement. I wondered that Frank could keep the pleasant news to himself, for he was a very demonstrative young man, and extremely fond of his mother.

"Now, Robert, do you remember that I promised to take you out riding the very first suitable day? The air is as balmy as May, and we will have a fine drive," said Hattie one morning after my late breakfast. The sun seemed in an unusually genial mood, and poured his warm, enlivening beams into the bay-windowed library, lighting up old volumes, playing hide-and-go-seek with lace and damask drapery, irradiating the bouquets of roses so lavishly sprinkled under our feet, and dispelling for a while the miserable discontent which had taken such firm possession of my soul. So, in innumerable wrappings—looking more like an Egyptian mummy than a soldier of the Army of the Potomac—I took my place in the carriage. Hattie handled the ribbons with a professional air that set me wondering again—as much at home driving as making jelly.

"Now, Robert, isn't this lovely? Do you not feel ever so much stronger? You will gain very rapidly when the weather allows you to ride every day;" and so Hattie rattled on, tucking in the robe now and then, endeavoring in her sweet, womanly manner to make me entirely comfortable.

"But you seem abstracted, Robert. Not blue, I hope, this beautiful day?"

"No, Hattie; not blue, but thoughtful," unaccountably impelled to utter the feelings of my soul. "Life is very pleasant, but I have been so long a drone in the great hive that I feel I ought to be very willing to give it up, instead of holding on to it so tenaciously."

"Give it up, Robert? What do you mean?" and the little hands closed spasmodically over the reins, bringing the well-trained animal to a full stop.

"Only this, Hattie. I am certainly *not* improving; and the chances are decidedly against me. I wish I could look my position full in the face like a man; but—"

"Oh, Robert!" said she, interrupting me, her beautiful eyes swimming with tears. "Please do not say any more on that dreadful subject. You shall get well; I am sure of it, dear."

"The only incentive I have to recovery is ambition," I continued. "But some way that fails to arouse my will-power. Sometimes I think if I had some one who loved me fondly—whose life was so bound up in mine that existence without me would be unendurable—I might rally; but to have nothing worth living for makes my case hopeless."

My companion was now weeping bitterly.

"I had no idea my remarks would pain you thus, Hattie. You are a kind-hearted, loving little woman, and Frank has won a prize in the great lottery of life. I have never congratulated either of you, because you have kept the affair so private."

"What do you mean, Robert? '*Congratulated?*' You speak in riddles;" and the big brown eyes looked beseechingly into mine.

"Are you not engaged to Frank Perry, Hattie Hertford?"

"No, Sir!" without removing her eyes from mine. "What ever put such an idea into your head?"

"But that diamond ring, my dear child?"

"Is one my father gave me years ago. Did you think it the symbol of my betrothal?"

My astonishment can be better imagined than described. I tried to think clearly—to be careful of exposing my feelings. I tried to remember that I was an invalid, with only a slight hold upon life; but love's impulsiveness was uncontrollable, and when Hattie added, "I was never engaged—never yet in my life told a man I loved him," I could not help saying, softly,

"Neither have I ever whispered love to mortal woman; but now I tell *you* that I love you. Would you could reciprocate!"

"*Indeed I do!* Robert, will you live for *me?*" was my darling's reply. And here I am to-day, hale and hearty.

THE HADJIS OF CENTRAL ASIA.

THE great success of Vámbéry's remarkable book on the East (Travels in Central Asia. Being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert, on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, performed in the Year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1865) has induced the author to publish a second volume, under the title of "Sketches in Central Asia," in which he gives many interesting facts which did not come within the scope of his narrative of travel. He gives, among other chapters, an account of the "Dervishes and Hadjis" of Central Asia, from which we select the following in relation to the latter sect.

The Hadjis are a class of hypocrites who, under the pretense of carrying out sacred vows, indulge in their desire to travel, and who after their return assume authority and a good social position, under this title which means literally "Pilgrims." The Koran says, "Wander to my house if circumstances permit." These "circumstances" are reduced to the following seven conditions by the commentators. The pilgrimage must be undertaken, 1st, With sufficient money for traveling expenses; 2d, In bodily health; 3d, In an unmarried state; 4th, Without leaving debts behind; 5th, In times of peace; 6th, Overland and without danger; and, 7th, By persons who have reached the age of puberty. That our good Tartars ill-observe these conditions will be evident to all who have some idea about the countries situated between Oxus and Yaxartes. In Persia people go to Kerbela, Meshed or Mekka, only when sufficient funds enable them to do it comfortably. In Central Asia, on the contrary, it is always the poorest class who undertakes pilgrimages. A certain taste for adventure, coupled with religious enthusiasm, are the two motives which prompt the inhabitants of Central Asia to start from the remote East for the tomb of their Prophet. True, they do not suffer any material losses, for a beggar's bag is a money-bag; but they frequently lose what is most precious to them—their life; as every year at least one-third of the pilgrims from Turkestan die from exposure to the climate.

The travelers form themselves in larger or smaller companies, and elect a chief from among themselves, who also fills among them the office of *Imam* (the person who first says the prayers to be repeated by the rest), and who enjoys a considerable superiority over his companions. A visit to the Kaaba and the tomb of the Prophet (which may be paid at any season) is not so much the culminating point of the whole pilgrimage as the ascent of Mount Arafat. This can be made only once a year, viz., on the Kurban festival (10th Zil Hidjie), which is nothing more or less than the sacrifice of Abraham and Isaac dramatized. All those who have taken part in this festival and have joined in the cry, "Lebeïk Allah!"—"Command, O God" (in allusion to Abraham's implicit obedience), are regarded as genuine Hadjis. This cry of "Lebeïk! Lebeïk!" uttered at the most solemn moment of the whole pilgrimage, seems also to have the deepest impression upon the pilgrim himself.

However painful and heart-rending separation from home may be when so long and dangerous a journey has to be undertaken, the joy which the Hadjis experience on their return fully counterbalances it. Friends and relations, informed of their near arrival, go out to meet them several days in advance. Hymns are sung, and tears of joy are shed when the Hadji makes his entry into his native place. Every one wants to embrace him, to touch him, for the atmosphere of holy places still surrounds him, the dust of Mekka and Medina still covers his garments. In Central Asia the Hadji is held in much greater esteem than in any other Mohammedan country. It has cost him much to obtain his dignity, but he is amply repaid. Respected and supported by his fellow-citizens he is better protected against the tyranny of the Government than any other citizen. The title of a "Hadji" is a patent of nobility, which, during his lifetime, he parades on his seal, after death on his tombstone.

The Hadjis, of course such as are not mere beggars, often transact, during their pious pilgrimage, a little commercial business. "Commerce and pilgrimage together" are not allowed by their religion; but nobody seems to suffer any pricks of conscience in taking to his coreligionist in Arabia a few articles from distant Turkomania. The products of Bokhara and other holy places of Central Asia are in high esteem among the people of Arabia; besides, every one wishes to show a Hadji some favor, and is easily induced to pay double the value for any article offered. This small trade is carried on between the easternmost point of Islamitic Asia to the Galata bridge of Constantinople. Among the crowd of that famous capital one often sees a Tartar, whose features contrast as strangely with the rest of the population as the colors of the thin silk kerchief differ from those of our European manufacture. Fine ladies seldom become purchasers of such articles, but old matrons are frequently seen, inspired by feelings of piety, paying a good price for them, pressing them repeatedly to their faces and forehead while repeating a loud "*Allahum u Sella,*" and continuing their walk.

That the successful sale of the exported articles leads to the importation of similar merchandise needs no confirmation. No Hadji leaves the holy places without making some purchases. At Mekka he lays in a stock of scents, dates, rosaries, and combs, but especially water from the sacred well called Zemzem. (Zemzem is the name of a famous well on the road, of miraculous power, the water of which is exported in small vessels to all Islamite countries, as a single drop of it taken just at the moment of death frees from 500 years of purgatory. The origin of the well is ascribed to Ismail, who, after being left behind by Hagar, stamped his little foot and made the well spring up.) In Jamba and Djedda are bought European goods; these go by the name of Mali Istambul—"Stamboul Goods;" as the unbelieving Franks must not obtain credit for any thing, and they consist of penknives, scissors, needles, thimbles, etc. Aleppo and Damascus enjoy the reputation of supplying the best misvak, a fibrous root, used as tooth-brushes by all pious Moslems. In Bagdad are bought a hirka, made of camel's-hair, and of superior quality at this place, as it is this kind of garment which the Prophet is said to have worn next his skin. Finally, in Persia, ink, powder, and pens made of canes are purchased. In Central Asia all these articles are great curiosities, and they are paid for handsomely, partly from necessity, partly from religious motives.

Generally speaking, a caravan of Hadjis are the best traveling companions one can have in Central Asia, or rather in the whole of the East, provided one can manage to agree with them. Nobody is more clever than a Hadji in negotiating, be the people he has to deal with believers or unbelievers, nomads or agricultural tribes. A Hadji may be converted into any thing, he being thoroughly penetrated by the principle, "When in Rome do as Romans do." Instead of being cast down and gloomy, as his ragged exterior would lead one to suppose, he is of a merry disposition, and during the long marches the greatest saint and miracle-worker occasionally indulges in a profane joke.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG man and woman stopped at a certain hotel to pass a day or two. Their awkward appearance attracted the curiosity of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day. "Traveled!" repeated the stranger somewhat indignantly, "we didn't *travel*, we *rid*."

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an admirable cara sposa of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband, calmly.

"My dear," said an anxious matron to her daughter, "it is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at each other." "Why so, mamma? I'm sure they don't hurt, even if they do hit."

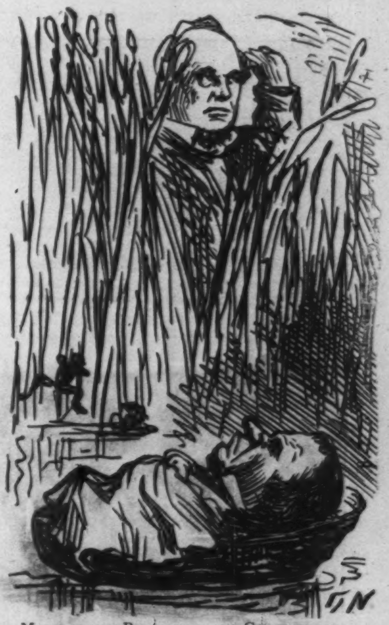
KISSING CASUISTRY.

When Sarah Jane, the moral Miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I'll bet a shilling I see through it;
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do* it!

A lawyer on his death-bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people that had patronized him.

"Have I not offered you every advantage?" said a doting father to his son. "Oh yes!" replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking advantage of my father."

A young man, who recently fell in love with a very beautiful young lady, says that when he ascertained last evening that she reciprocated his passion, he felt as though he was sitting on the roof of a meeting-house and every shingle was a jews-harp.



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES, AND CHASE-IN FOR A PARTY.

Jones was, or believed he was, near his death, and the doctor calling he held a long and earnest conversation with him about his chances of life. "Why, man," said the physician, "you are likely to die any hour. You have been living for the last fifteen years without a constitution—lungs gone, liver diseased, and all that sort of thing."

"You don't mean to say," replied Jones, questioningly, "that a man can live for fifteen years without a constitution?"

"Yes, I do," retorted the doctor, "and you are an example."

"Then, doctor," and a bright smile illuminated the pallid face of the doomed man—"then, doctor, I'll go it ten years more on the by-laws," and he did.

IT'S NO AFFAIR OF MINE.

I hate that kind of thing, my dear;
Indeed, I'd rather walk
Ten miles the other way than hear
Old Mrs. Grundy talk.
Whenever she begins to try
The scandalizing line,
I says to her—I says, says I,
It's no affair of *mine!*

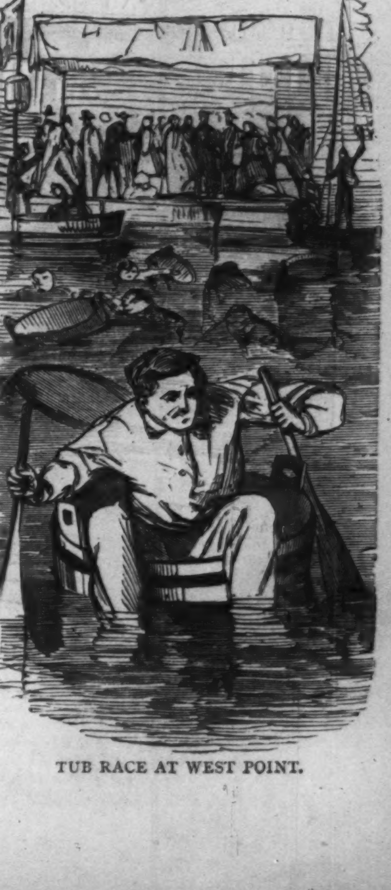
If Emma Jane and Mary Anne,
The maids at number two,
Are partial to the baker's man—
What's that, says I, to *you?*
Suppose the butcher-boy is fond
Of number twenty-nine,
And she may happen to respond—
It's no affair of *mine!*

If Mr. Lot, the auctioneer,
Has got a shrewish wife—
It's not for *us*, I says, my dear,
To pry at married life.
If Captain C. comes back at night
A deal the worse for wine,
And kicks the children left and right—
It's no affair of *mine!*

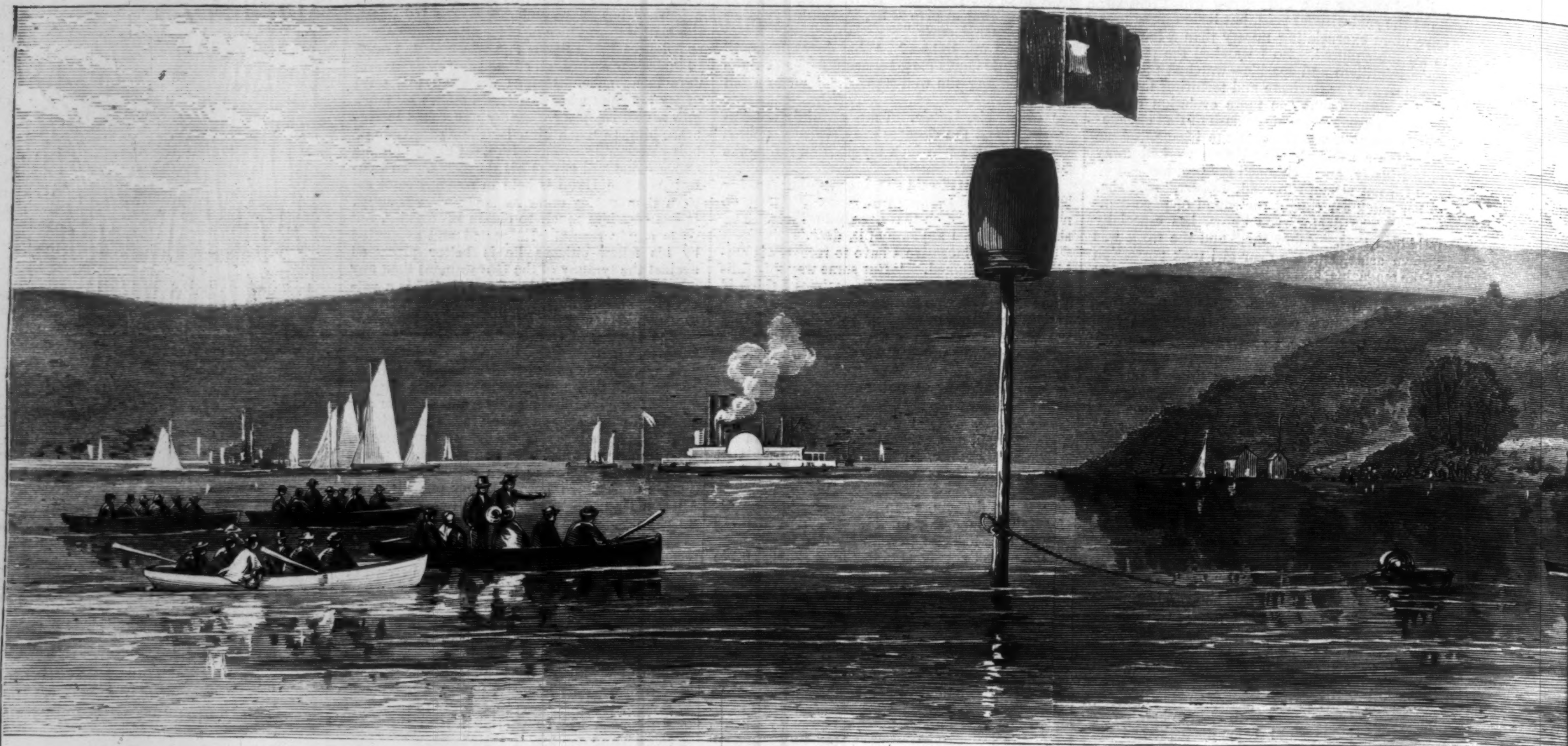
I'm sick of Mrs. Grundy's ways,
And Mrs. Grundy too;
No doubt she goes about and says
Queer things of me and you.
She's always dropping in to tea,
Or looking in to dine—
And yet the brute—but then, you see,
It's no affair of *mine!*

MELTING.—To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness give her two canary-birds, half a dozen moonbeams, fifteen yards of silk, an ice-cream, several rose-buds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she won't melt it will be because she can't.

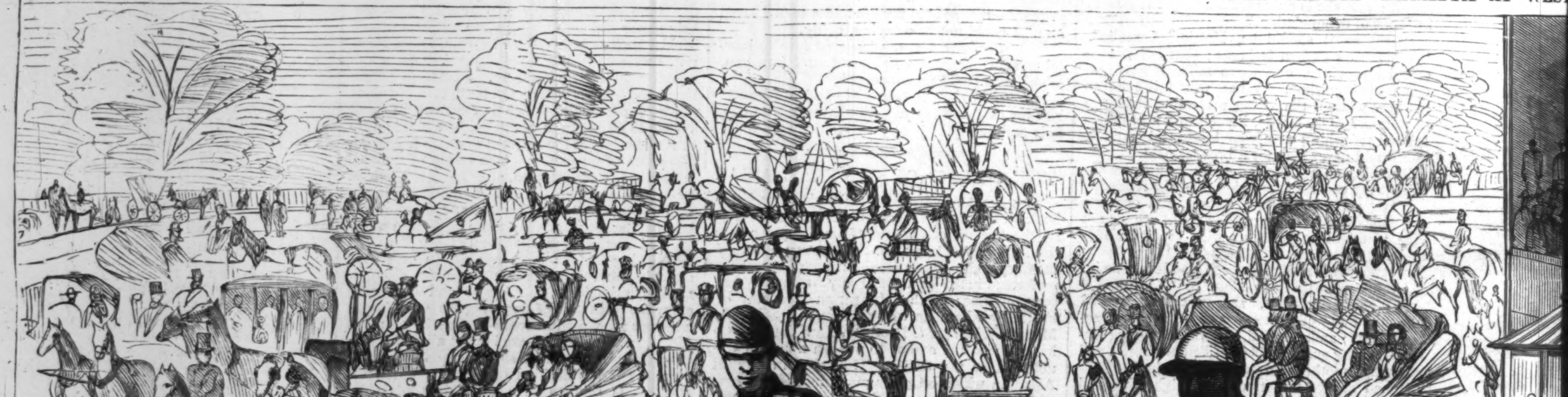
A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they just step down to the Post-office.



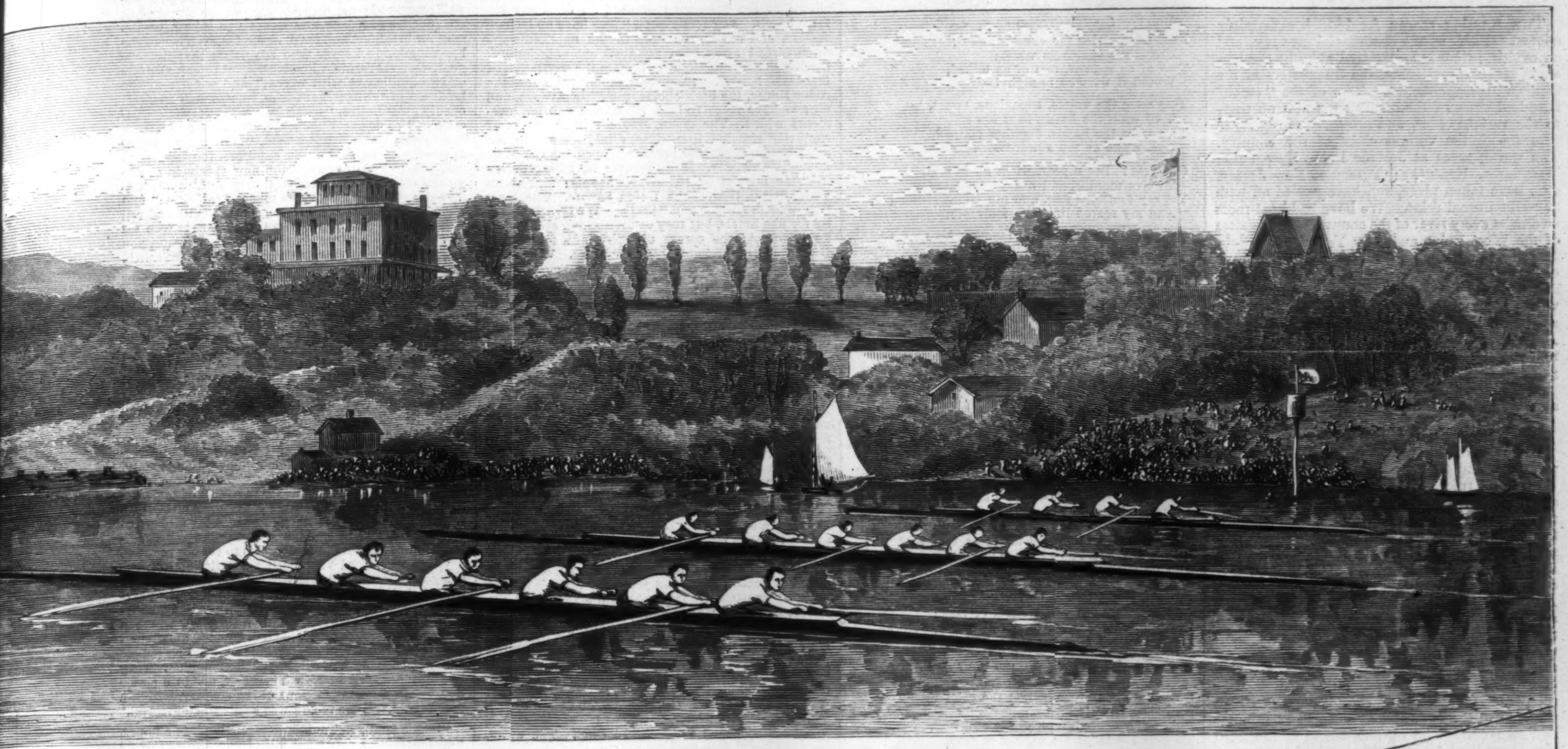
TUB RACE AT WEST POINT.



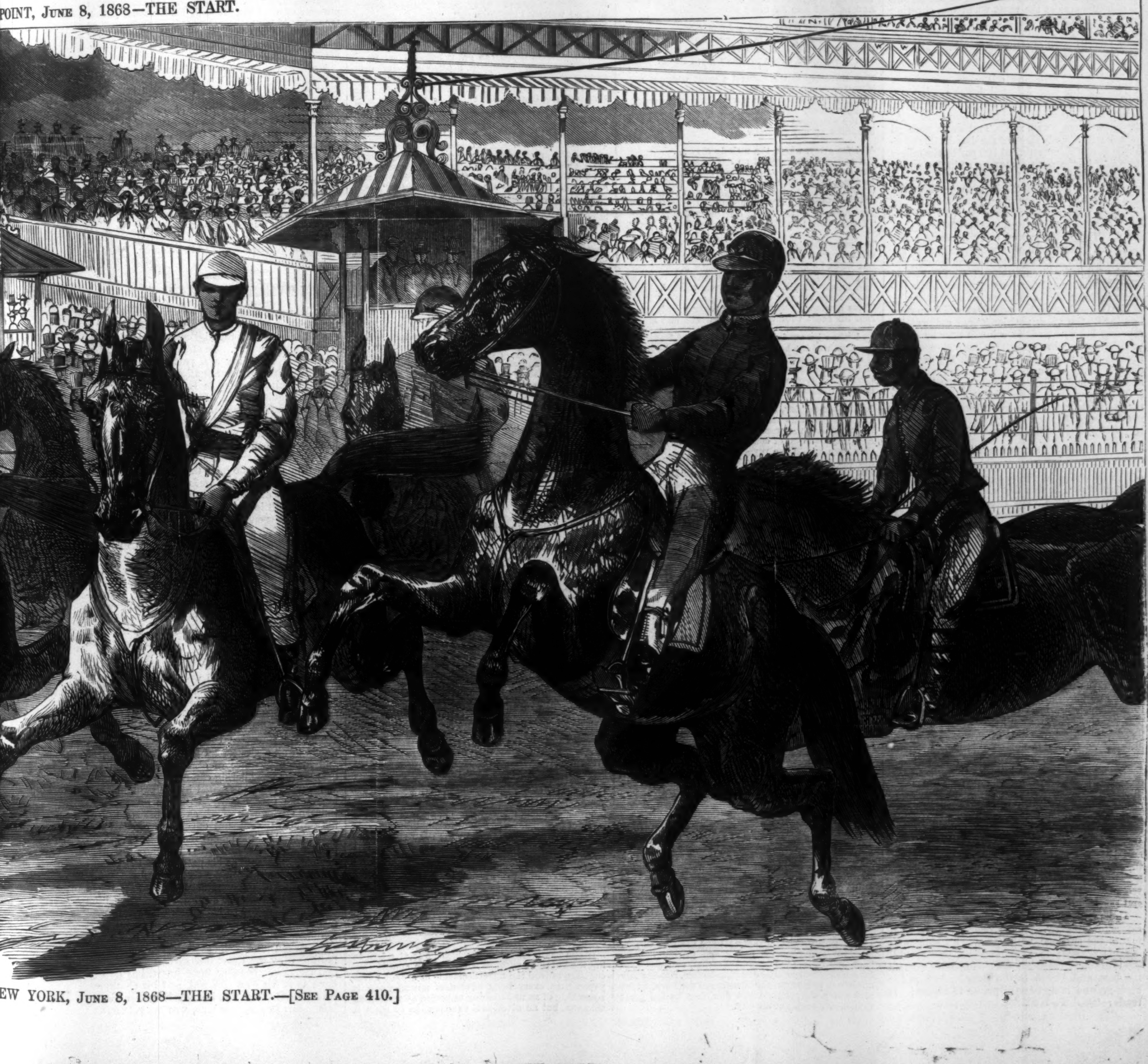
THE CADETS' REGATTA AT WEST



OPENING RACE AT THE JEROME PARK, FORDHAM, N



EST POINT, June 8, 1868—THE START.



M, NEW YORK, June 8, 1868—THE START.—[See Page 410.]

OUT OF DOOR SPORTING SEASON.

The sporting season for 1868 has certainly opened briskly, as the commercial men say, and an exciting time is anticipated alike by the lovers of the national game, the frequenters of the turf, and the yachtsmen. Two of the "crack" base-ball clubs of the country are now on tours to the various cities, and are daily engaging in games with the various clubs of the country. The spring races at Jerome Park, New York; Woodlawn, Kentucky; Paterson, New Jersey, etc., have taken place, and have passed off with more than usual éclat. We have had boat-races on almost every river of the country; the regattas of the West Point and New York Yacht Clubs have taken place; another ocean yacht race is contemplated between the *Red White and Blue* and a boat of the size of the *John T. Ford*, which was lost last year; while the *Little Western*, still smaller, is shortly to leave Chicago for a trip, *à la Rob Roy*, through the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the ocean, and thence across it to England.

Our illustrations this week are of the regatta at West Point, and the races at Jerome Park.

THE WEST POINT REGATTA.

The race of this year, which we illustrate on pages 408 and 409, is the first ever permitted by West Point rules. It took place on June 8, and, all circumstances considered—newness of crews, training, etc.—it was a triumph. Two pontoons, floored and covered with the canvas awning of a pontoon frame, made a capital judges' stand, and here General **Webb**, Colonel **Michie**, and several cadets stationed themselves to act as judges. A similar station was arranged a hundred yards south for the accommodation of ladies and parties immediately interested in the race. All the boats started together, and in a few strokes the second class boat was about half a length ahead of the first class; but this distance was soon made up by the first class boat, which kept the lead to the end, and came in in 13 minutes and 46 seconds—28 seconds ahead of the third class boat, and 16 seconds ahead of the second class boat—amidst the most vociferous cheering on the part of the spectators. The champion flag—a beautiful blue silk one—was then presented to the crew of the first class boat by General **Webb** in a neat speech.

THE TUB RACE.

The regatta was followed by the tub race, which we illustrate on page 407. Ten cadets, loosely clad, were placed in as many tubs. At the word a start was made, and away paddled the tub men. Only three of the daredevils reached the end of the prescribed 100 yards, the others capsizing in the most grotesque attitudes, much to the merriment of the lookers-on. The frantic efforts made by some of them to get into the tubs after they had been upset made the hills reverberate with shouts of laughter, and the unlucky ones had to get to shore the best way they could. The victor proved to be a young cadet named R. Q. **Shirley**, who was appointed to his cadetship from Mississippi by General **Grant**, under the following circumstances: On the 21st of May, 1863, General **Grant**'s army went into position in front of the rebel works at Vicksburg. While General **John A. Logan**'s skirmishers were fighting for the strong position known as Fort Hill, a young lad who lived in a house near by asked permission to join them. He soon secured the musket of a wounded soldier, and began firing away as busily as the oldest campaigner. He was slightly wounded, but continued to battle away, and each day of the siege he was to be found on the skirmish line. Two years since, by recommendation of General **Grant**, and for this action, he received his appointment to West Point.

JEROME PARK RACES.

Our large illustration on pages 408 and 409 is of the first race of the season at Jerome Park on June 10. The first day witnessed four races, all of which were very exciting to the large crowd in attendance. Some of the finest racing-stock in the country has appeared on this course this season, and the success of the Association has been of the most brilliant character.

HOME FROM THE RACES.

There is a very grave moral in the vigorously-conceived and strongly-drawn picture which we give under this title on page 413 of this issue; and one so plain that "he who runs may read." It is very timely at this present period of excesses in gaming of all kinds.

We have said gaming, but, of course, that was not the proper word to use; it is one now nearly obsolete, or at least never mentioned to ears polite. *Gambling*, we are happy to say, has been put down—utterly abolished; nowadays we only *speculate*. There is not at this time a single "gambling hell" in New York city; they are all "club houses." All the lotteries throughout the country have been "restrained" by legal "injunctions," and only "gift enterprises" are tolerated. There are no "thimble-riggers" nowadays—save in politics; no "players," only merchants; no "dealers," only "brokers;" the "faro table" is changed to the "Gold board," and it is not "chips" but "stocks" with which they play. And then, above all, the players no longer stake Love and Life and Dignity and Honor—it is only Conscience which is staked and sacrificed with their money.

The picture really requires no legend. The characters are few. Youth reclines on the back seat of the carriage, with Craft at his side picking his pocket; in front is Youth again, with the Wanton at his side; Mephistopheles mounts the box, and Death is the tiger! And in the back-ground a sign-board points to Home! It reads: "☞ To Hell!"

ONE YEAR AGO.

See Illustration on page 412.

Last year, under the chestnut-trees,
  Under the chestnuts white;
Two of us walked, two of us talked,
  Would it were so to-night!

Two were the voices, tremulous, sweet,
  Two were the heads, bent low;
Two were the hands, together clasped,
  One, white as the flower-snow.

One year! But a year, when all is told,
  Twelve months, and a day! no more—
Yet my footsteps flag, and my youth seems old,
  And my seared life feels fourscore.

Two were the hearts that together beat,
  Two were the hearts, yet one;
Two were the figures that, interlaced,
  Strolled, 'neath those trees, in the sun.

Those trees, those leaf-laden, bloom-strewing trees,
  That glorious sun of June!
Now they strike the golden chords of my soul,
  Sound sweet on it, love's own tune.

Ah, leaves! ye fall, and grow green again,
  Nor mourn for the spring-time fled;
Ah, trees! ye bloom, in another June,
  But the life of *my* life is—dead!

THE KING'S TEMPLE.

See Illustration on page 412.

A mighty king on his couch reclined,
With a haughty thought in his lonely mind:
"Has not God prospered me more than all?
A nation would rise at my single call,
And its fairest maid would be proud to wear
A crown by the side of my crowned gray hair:—
I'll rear him a house for my greatness' sake,
And nobody's aid will I claim or take:
From the gilded spire to the great crypt stone,
It shall be my offering, and mine alone."

Then the site was chosen, the builders brought
To find a shape for the monarch's thought;
Soon the abbey rose 'gainst the calm blue sky,
And they built it broad, and they built it high;
But if any offered, with spade and hod,
To give his labor for naught to God,
Then the poor man's mite by the king was spurned,
And he paid him for every stone he turned.

Till at last, on a gorgeous autumn day,
All the solemn priests in their white array,
With prayers and anthems and censers came,
And opened the abbey in God's great name.

Now there lay in the chancel a great white stone,
With the king's name on it, and his alone:
And the king stood near it with haughty brow,
And pondered, "The future will know me now,
By the glorious temple that I have made,
Unsullied by any plebeian aid."

And far away, where the melody came,
But softly, there lingered an aged dame:
Her garment was worn, and her hair was thin,
And she looked like the last of all her kin,
Who had none to love, who had none to blame,
Who would start at the sound of her Christian name,
Yet she said, as the music o'er her passed,
"Thank God, that His house is complete at last!"

* * * * * *

The monarch, that night, on his couch reclined,
With a proud content in his lonely mind;
But when he slept, then he strangely dreamed:
In his abbey chancel alone he seemed,
And he sought his own royal name to read,
But lo! another was there instead:
'Twas a woman's name he had never heard,
And his heart with wonder and wrath was stirred.

And when he awoke, throughout his land
By mouth of his heralds he sent command
If a woman, bearing a certain name,
Within a month to his presence came,
She should have a cup with a jeweled rim,
Besides the honor of seeing him.

On the second day, as he sat alone,
The courtiers who stood about his throne
Informed him the woman was at the gate:
And they thought, of course, she would have to wait
(For even so did the royal kin)
For the kingly pleasure to let her in.
But he stamped his foot with a stern "Begone!
And straightway bring her, and leave us alone."
So a great lord brought her, and that lord swore
That the king awaited her at the door!

Then slowly and trembling, in there came,
In her poor best weeds, a poor old dame,
And the king himself (there was none to stare)
Kindly led her up to a velvet chair:
And when she grew used to the splendid place,
And found she could gaze on a royal face,
He begged, if she could, she would make it known
Why he dreamed her name on the chancel stone.
"For what work have you done?" the monarch said;
"I've built all the abbey, and asked no aid."

And the old dame lifted her streaming eyes,
And held up her hands in her great surprise:
"My liege," she answered, "how much could I do
At a great good work that was meet for you?
'If the king had asked us,' I often thought,
'I could not have given, for I have naught;'
But in works for God, how it seems His plan,
There's something to do that any one can.
So when the builders were ready to sink,
I carried some water and gave them to drink."

The king said nothing.
              Ere morning shone,
His name was gone from the chancel stone:
And with looks of wonder the courtiers read
The name of the woman writ there instead.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Not long ago we heard one of the *older* inhabitants—we would not by any means venture to call him the "*oldest*"—talk of the time, which he could well remember, when a guide-board stood near the spot where the Fifth Avenue Hotel is now located, on which were the significant finger pointing southerly and the words, "*One mile to New York.*" Such a time seems fabulous as to-day we thread our way through crowded streets from the Battery to Central Park. Further and further up town the tide surges. Business and pleasure, public and private life, go hand in hand. Theatres and churches, stores and offices, hotels and palatial dwelling-houses, rise literally one above another in the direction of the Park, which at no very distant time will doubtless be the great fashionable centre of the city.

The rapid *rise* of the public northward is noticeably shown in the increasing demand for first-class up-town hotels. Our really good hotels have no lack of custom, and during the busy season applicants are often turned away from want of accommodations. Proprietors are ambitious to sustain the reputation of first-class houses, and several prominent ones—the Astor House, the St. Nicholas, the Fifth Avenue, and others—have recently been renovated, and improvements added. The Astor House is now the most southerly situated first-class establishment in the city; but no one would venture to open another in its immediate vicinity. Hotel keepers have been driven from the most crowded business haunts; first above Canal Street, then above Union Square. The junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway is a favorite locality for fine hotels, but they are streaming still higher up town. At the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway a large hotel is to be erected. We understand that it is to be constructed of white marble, and six stories in height. Still further up, at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, the St. Cloud Hotel has been recently opened; and this, which is a first-class establishment, is rather the up-town terminus at present.

It is, by-the-way, a real pleasure to go through the St. Cloud Hotel, as we did recently, and note the comfort and elegance of its internal appointments. It contains one hundred and thirty suites of rooms, large, light, and well ventilated. The furniture is black walnut, upholstered in velvet and brocatelle; the carpets are rich and tasteful; hot and cold water is supplied in every room; and all the details of furnishing are in the most approved modern style. The hotel is conducted on the European plan, and the culinary department is in charge of one whose experience and skill are plainly indicated by results. The dining saloon has a capacity for seating three hundred guests at one time; is light, airy, and neat in minute details. The unusually cheerful internal aspect of the St. Cloud, its ample and luxurious larder, and its location—so near the Central Park, and yet easily accessible from business quarters by railroads and stages—will undoubtedly render this a popular establishment.

A summary method of dealing with obstinate customers appears to have been adopted by a restaurant in San Francisco. The proprietors, finding that occasionally a man ordered and ate his dinner and then slipped off without paying for it, have laid down the rules, and every one must settle his bill before eating. The plan does not seem to be palatable. Recently a hungry man called and ordered soup. The waiter brought it and then held out his palm. "What for?" inquired the stranger. "Pay, Sir!" "What! before I eat it? wait till I get through." "No, Sir! we want pay before you eat!" "Well, that I never do; when I get through with the soup I will talk about pay." "That won't answer; I want pay now!" exclaims the waiter. "Well, if you can get it before I see fit to pay, let's see you," he replied, holding on to the plate and commencing to eat. At this the waiter whips out of his pocket a large syringe, inserts the point into the soup, and empties the dish before the astonished man can fully recover from his amazement at the strange proceeding.

Reports of the marriage festivities of Prince Humbert and Princess Margaret continue to arrive. Some of the royal personages must be getting weary of such never-ending rejoicings, and long for a little quiet. It is humorously said that the Court functionaries and masters of ceremonies are at their "last gasp." One unfortunate gentleman among them having in one day written sixty-seven notes, changed his dress nine times, been in eleven different vehicles, and received a stroke of the sun, was declared entitled to repose, and was permitted to go home at midnight on condition that he should come on duty again not later than seven in the morning. It is said that he has disappeared, and that they are dragging the Arno for his body.

An article of interest recently appeared in the *Paris Figaro* in regard to the New York Press. The writer remarks:

"At the moment that a new *régime* is being inaugurated for the press in France it may be interesting to have some details of the New York newspapers. Is it not an acknowledged fact that the Americans are our superiors in respect of publicity, and that they enjoy in this matter an unlimited liberty?"

After giving some details in regard to the great skill, ingenuity, and expedition shown in the issuing of our most prominent daily newspapers, illustrated journals are thus commented upon:

"With the exception of *Harper's Weekly* the illustrated papers are not worthy of the name or even of being mentioned. Their coarse and somewhat licentious engravings meet with that success that an appearance of nakedness, however modest, would create at school."

In this connection, we may be pardoned if we quote from a kindly notice of Harper's Periodicals given by *The Nation*. In reviewing the contents of the June Magazine, it says: "It is reading so good and so characteristic that the Magazine, with its immense circulation, is a thing to rejoice over. It may almost be doubted if, in virtue of their *Monthly* and *Weekly* periodicals, and we do not exclude the pervading *Bazar*, the Messrs. Harper have not been the most potent of late civilizers of the American people. Their influence must be, humanly speaking, incalculably great, and that it is, on the whole, a good influence, would not be denied even by the defunct Alabama Legislature."

New York is famous for the number of her ship-yards and the eminence of her ship-builders. In no other city of the United States have so many large steamships been built, most of the work at this time being of that kind. Among the ship-yards where magnificent specimens of naval architecture have been modeled and built, that of Mr. Webb's is noticeable, more than a hundred and thirty vessels having been constructed by him within the past twenty years, at least twenty-eight of which have been large steamships. The steam screw iron-clad ram, the *Dunderberg*, built at this yard for the United States Government, is the largest vessel of the kind which has yet been constructed, being 378 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 32 feet deep. At the Westervelt ship-yard over a hundred and eighty vessels have been constructed. The proprietors of this yard have carried on an active business for many years. At Green Point, Long Island, some of the largest and finest steamers have been constructed, although the proprietor of Steers's ship-yard is one of the youngest of American ship-builders. One of the two steamers ordered by the Pacific Steamship Line, to run between San Francisco and China, was modeled here; its consort is being constructed by Mr. Webb. These are believed to be the largest wooden steamships built in this country. Many of the magnificent Sound and river boats have been built at the yard of Messrs. Englis & Son, at the foot of Tenth Street, East River. The *St. John*, the *Dean Richmond*, the *Newport*, and *Old Colony* are well known as elegant specimens; and others of equal excellence are being constructed.

If one has a leisure hour which he is at a loss to know what to do with, he will find it an amusing occupation to read the advertisements in a daily newspaper. As every body advertises nowadays, it is something of an undertaking to peruse *all* those long columns, but an occasional examination of them is worth while. In general these advertisements are well expressed; but occasionally you are surprised at the appetite of a lady who wants "to take a gentleman for breakfast and tea;" at the benevolence of the boarding-house keeper who advertises that "Single gentlemen are furnished with pleasant rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives;" and wonder at the boldness of the merchant who, in this free country, openly gives notice, "*Wanted—A woman to sell on commission.*" You query about the expediency of attending a concert of which it is said, "During the evening a variety of songs may be expected, too tedious to mention." You marvel at the new specimen of humanity referred to in an advertisement of "a lost wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf-skin;" and laugh at the entreaty that "the green bonnet and veil and beautiful curl will address the stranger who sat on the left." And so on through the columns, you will constantly find something which awakens mirth.

A short time ago, on a single Saturday, six persons committed suicide in Paris. Perhaps a far greater number really destroyed themselves, but these six accomplished their purpose by violent means. A young man, aged 22, in the Rue Poissonière, suffocated himself by burning a large quantity of paper in his room, from grief at the loss of his situation. A tailor, 56 years of age, who had fallen into distress, was found dead in a room of the Rue Campagne-Première, with four wounds which he had inflicted in his stomach; he had taken the precaution to gag his mouth with a handkerchief to prevent himself from calling for aid. A laborer, aged 50, in the Rue du Poteau; and a carriage-painter, aged 69, in the Boulevard de la Gare, hanged themselves. A stranger, about 50, was found suspended to a beam in a house in course of construction in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. And lastly, a woman, in the Rue des Rats, after burning all her papers, took a dose of laudanum, and then hanged herself from her bed-rail. In addition to the above cases, a young man aged 27, accosted a policeman on the Quay Lepelletier, and said that he had taken poison; almost at the same moment he fell down on the pavement, and writhed in horrible suffering. He was removed in an alarming state to a hospital, where a portion of a packet of arsenic was found in his pocket. Only a few days ago one of the city evening papers contained a column of suicides—ten in number. They had not occurred in New York city, nor in a single day, but in different sections of the country, within a few days. And the record was both sad and fearful.

While a family in Taunton was moving into a house, a girl carrying a coffee-pot full of gunpowder saw an infant fall from a chair to the floor. With remarkable presence of mind she promptly set the coffee-pot on the stove and ran to its assistance! The coffee-pot as promptly exploded, burning the child, shattering the windows, and knocking the furniture about promiscuously.

A curious typographical blunder recently appeared in an English journal. It was announced that an address delivered by Mr. John Stuart Mill before the University of St. Andrews had since been republished by him "in the form of a five-shilling *elephant*." The word *pamphlet* will make the sense more intelligible.

In Utah, and in many western sections of the country, the grasshoppers have become a formidable plague. Great efforts have been made to destroy them, and several hundred bushels are reported slaughtered in Utah.

A spiritualist has predicted that the millennium will come within twenty years, and that before that time men will have to work but two hours a day, and that there will be a piano-forte in every house.

A San Francisco paper announces that one thousand unmarried women are wanted in Colorado.

LOVELY, YET UNLOVED.

In Hungary there exists no necessary limit to the ambition of a Roman Catholic priest until he shall have reached the highest place in the hierarchy of his country. In other parts of the Austrian empire nobility and patronage have still great weight in the nomination of high ecclesiastical dignitaries; but in Hungary the talented and distinguished son of the humblest peasant may one day become the first magnate of the kingdom. The natural consequence of such a possibility is, that no clergyman hides his light beneath a bushel, but is fully conscious of the brilliant future he may realize, and he is rarely overlooked by those who have the coveted promotion in their gift. One is therefore scarcely prepared to find a very distinguished and learned clergyman in a far-off little country parish, and landed gentlemen who spend the winter on their properties are fully satisfied if the neighboring parson be a good-tempered, jovial man, who does his duty quietly, is ready to play a game at *tarok* on occasion, or to smoke a pipe and spin a cheerful yarn with him beside a blazing fire.

Is it possible that the thin, pale priest, with interesting and yet somewhat stony countenance, whom I see now with my mind's eye, as I have often seen him in the body long ago, is a person of this stamp? No! Pater Andreas had none of the above-mentioned qualities. A worthy man he was in the fullest sense of the word, a blessing to his flock, and would have been still more so but for the continual sadness, the unalterable stony impress on his countenance, and the monotonous and somewhat unearthly tone of his deep voice.

The first time that I saw him was on the occasion of an ecclesiastical festivity in his parish, and in the presence of other priests, with the dean of the neighboring cathedral at their head. Pater Andreas was treated by his superior, and by all the confraternity, with the greatest distinction; which he owed, as I afterward heard, not only to the general excellence of his character, but also to his great modesty in having refused many better and richer benefices than that he held. "Alas!" as his patron said to me with comical grimaces, "alike for him and me!"

I could not understand why my friend had presented the living to a priest whose disposition was so little suited to his tastes, till he informed me that Pater Andreas had been recommended to him some years before by a person of importance, whom he did not wish to offend by a refusal. Why the Pater had given up his former and far richer benefice none knew, but he had done so of his own free-will, and his character, professional and social, had all along been blameless. His health, it is true, was not robust, and removal to a milder climate and less work might have been beneficial; but in these respects the change that he had made was for the worse, as the living was too small to afford a curate, and its situation more northern, and therefore colder, than that which he had left. All this could not fail to heighten my interest in the man, and a conversation to which I was a witness, on the evening of the day above alluded to, seemed to afford a clew to the labyrinth of thought in which his eccentric conduct had involved me.

One of the younger clergymen present told of an event that had lately occurred in his parish, where a man had been nearly buried while still alive, although his death had been unhesitatingly certified by the inspecting physician of the district. Every one had something to say on this interesting subject, and the doctor of the next town, a clever but extremely skeptical and peremptory old gentleman, declared that, in the present advanced state of medical science, such a gross mistake could only be made by a very inexperienced person. This assertion was warmly controverted by others, who related many startling instances, to prove that even with the exercise of the greatest caution it is scarcely possible in some cases to exclude this dreadful danger. As it happened, my place at table was exactly opposite to Pater Andreas, and I could not help remarking the nervous and uncomfortable contraction of his features when the subject was first introduced, and the deep and evidently most painful interest he felt in the whole discussion. At the conclusion of it a bitter smile parted his lips, but he said nothing, and in a few moments his countenance became sadder and more stony than before. I know not where I found the courage, but in the midst of the silence that followed the storm, I requested our reverend friend to give us also his opinion on the subject. Never shall I forget the unspeakably sad and sorrowful glance he cast on me, and I would gladly have given a world to be able to recall my thoughtless question.

From this time it was my earnest wish to atone to the Pater for my rashness, and so far to obtain his confidence as to induce him to relate his experience, or at least give me his opinion on what I considered the most terrible incident that can befall a human being. But what was at first little more than vulgar curiosity soon merged in the nobler interest excited by this evidently unhappy man; and this feeling, expressed rather by a sympathetic and respectful demeanor than in words, had in time its due effect even on the stern and reserved nature of the priest; and my patience was rewarded by the following narrative:

“My father was steward to Count B——, who, as you are aware, was one of the wealthiest magnates in the Banat. His regard for his old, trust-worthy servant was so great that I was allowed not only to be the constant playfellow of his children, but also shared their studies under a learned young priest, who was their tutor and domestic chaplain at the castle. My companions were a boy of my own age, and a beautiful girl some years younger. I loved them both as dearly as if they had been my brother and sister, having none of my own. The health of neither was robust, which endeared them all the more to me, and led to the exercise of a sort of protecting tenderness on my part in all our childish undertakings. Aladar, my elder play-fellow, was clever, and gave brilliant promise for the future; but God willed that this promise should never on earth be fulfilled, for he died even before I had left the seminary and received consecration as a priest.

“About this time our former tutor accepted a very honorable position as professor in a public college, and the Count invited me to return to the Castle as chaplain, until, as he kindly said, he should find a more important opening for the dearest friend of his ever-regretted son. The period when I entered anew the family of my benefactor was one of peculiar interest for every member of it, and especially for my former playmate, the young Countess. In compliance with the wishes of her parents—but also, as I soon saw, with all the fond affection of her own warm heart—she had become the bride-elect of one of her cousins, a very rich nobleman, whose estates not only matched with those of her father, but who also was supposed to be his heir-at-law.

“The health of Countess Isor was still delicate, and more precarious than her loving friends could have desired; but her animation, and the radiant happiness depicted on her lovely face, forbade all sad foreboding, and we entertained the cheering hope that even in this respect her marriage might prove a blessing to our darling. At times, I must confess, a voice of doubt in my own soul would ask the question, ‘Is this bridegroom, in spite of all his shining qualities, exactly the man into whose keeping one would willingly intrust so delicate a flower?’

“The engagement had been made during my residence in the seminary, before the death of Aladar, and with his consent—as he himself had told me in a letter full of praise of his future brother-in-law, whom, however, he had only known for a short time, as he had been brought up in the capital of a foreign land, where his father had lived as Austrian embassador. When I myself made the acquaintance of the young nobleman I felt that it was only natural that he should have made so favorable an impression on my friends. He was fascinating when he chose to be so; and if he did not always choose, his success when he was in the humor was only the more certain. He was a man of the world, no doubt; but yet not given to its ridiculous bagatelles, so long as their recognition seemed unnecessary to the maintaining of his position, of which he was both proud and jealous. This *was* a great fault in his character; but not so dangerous a one for the happiness of his future wife as another which I was not long of detecting—a merciless iron will which even his unusual self-control could not conceal.

“Some months after this the wedding was celebrated in the chapel of the castle with all the splendor usual on such occasions in the families of the magnates of our country. It had been the wish of the young Countess that I should act as priest at the nuptial ceremony; but the noble bridegroom declared that ‘it had for centuries been the custom’ that the marriages of members of his family should be celebrated by a prelate of high rank, and that thus it must be now. I was rather glad to escape the office, being in a somewhat foreboding mood of mind, that might, perhaps, have thrown a dismal coloring over the address usually delivered at the altar on such occasions. The officiating prelate, unembarrassed by any such sad anticipations, spoke eloquently and hopefully of a brilliant future.

“The newly-married pair left the same day the bride's parental roof—not, according to modern fashion, for foreign travel, but to go directly to the princely castle of the young husband in a neighboring county, where a splendid reception awaited them, ‘according to the custom of the family for centuries,’ and in spite of a timid observation of the bride, who would have preferred a less noisy inauguration of her new life.

“During the next three years I had only once an opportunity of seeing the young lady for a lengthened time, and that was on the mournful occasion of the last illness of her worthy mother, when there was, of course, such sufficient cause for depression and sad looks, that no inference of a normal condition of unhappiness could reasonably be drawn—though I could not help feeling that her manner in speaking of her new home was not so unembarrassed and cheerful as I had always previously found it when she spoke of what was dear to her heart. The presence of little children seemed especially to sadden her, and this I could well understand, for I had often heard her parents speak of the strong desire of the young couple to be blessed with a family, and specially of the anxiety of the Count for a male heir, expressed, perhaps, too often, even in the presence of his wife. Beyond this, however, there was nothing to raise uncomfortable doubts; and very soon after the funeral of her mother, the whole family, including even the old Count, quitted the castle, and I was left alone, with much to occupy me, not only in my clerical duties, but in the arrangement of many secular matters intrusted to me by my kind patron. My solitude was, however, of short duration, and was ended by a letter which announced a great change in my future life. The Countess Isor wrote, in her husband's name, to offer me the incumbency of a large and important parish on their estate, where the clergyman had lately died. I was not without ambition, and I thankfully accepted the gracious offer.

“When I reached my new sphere, I heard the praises of the Countess sung on every side, and found that she was as much beloved as she had been in her maiden home. Not unfrequently, however, my anxiety was aroused by the use of an adjective that seemed to doubt her happiness; for many of the people spoke of her as the ‘*poor* Countess.’ What could such a prefix mean in the case of one to all appearance so richly endowed with the elements of a happy life, and adored almost as a superior being by those around her? I could not bring myself to ask an explanation of the unpleasing adjective, and the manifold arrangements necessary to be made in entering on my new position left me little time for conjectures on the subject.

“Soon, however, I had much cause to rejoice on account of my patroness; for a new and blessed hope had come into her married life. As for the magnate himself, and happy father *in spe*, he had made, long before that hope could be realized, all the preparations ‘which for centuries had been the custom in his family,’ for the due reception of a male heir!

“The decisive moment came at length, the child was born, it was a boy—but *dead!* Through all the night that followed the gentle mother knew nothing of the terrible blow that had fallen on her new-born happiness, and slept with the sweet smile upon her face that blessed dreams impart. Down in the chapel of the castle, before the altar, and covered with sweetest flowers, lay the little cradle with her child in its first and last long sleep; while on the altar-steps, with his face buried in his hands, sat the poor father!

“It became my melancholy duty next forenoon to acquaint the unhappy lady with her heavy trial, the Count himself remaining shut up in his own room, and seen by no one. I shall pass rapidly over this sorrowful day, and many others that followed. The illness of the Countess was very serious, and aroused in the mind of the distinguished physician who attended her sad forebodings for her future life. As for the magnate himself, when he emerged from his solitude, he looked as if years had passed over him, and his manners were even sterner and haughtier than before. From passing observations that I could not help overhearing between lady relations of the family, I inferred that his behavior to the sick lady was not such as it ought to have been to a wife in so sad a situation.

“The progress of the Countess toward convalescence was but slow, but when it had so far advanced that she could travel without risk, a prolonged visit to a celebrated bathing-place in Germany was recommended, and, indeed, insisted on by her physician. This new scheme seemed to inspire the mournful soul of her lord with brighter and more hopeful thoughts. The great castle was, therefore, once more deserted, and I returned to my everyday life of scientific study and parochial work. Summer passed, autumn and winter came, but my lord and his wife did not return as had been expected. From the bathing-place above-mentioned they went in succession to several of the capitals of Europe, to consult eminent physicians in reference to the health of the Countess, as she herself informed me in short notes from time to time. The baths had not had the desired effect. Our family doctor heard all this with sadness, but without surprise, as one who had foreseen the fact, though he had held it to be his duty to prescribe the remedy. Spring came, and then another summer, yet the castle was still empty, but autumn saw the young couple re-established in their home. Alas! how changed was my lovely play-fellow! The once blooming rose had become a lily, and one that missed the warmth of the blessed sun to uphold her pure but drooping head. And so it was indeed; her sun, his love—the love of her adored husband seemed to have gone. The temper also of her lord had not improved; he was stern and haughty as before, and he seemed to have lost his former self-control. The Countess did her best to soften the effects of this harsh manner, and made a point of always being in the drawing-room when guests were there; but both seemed equally anxious to avoid a *tête-à-tête*, and therefore it may have been that I was very often invited to spend an evening at the castle. The Count, who usually sat on a low seat beside the fire, reading the newspapers of the day, spoke seldom, but insisted, notwithstanding, that I should read aloud to the Countess, who worked silently opposite to him. The doctor also was often invited to spend the evening at the castle, but he came very seldom, and excused himself by alleging professional engagements—sometimes when I knew very well that he passed the hours quietly at home. I asked him the reason of his refusal, and his answer gave me a clew by which to unravel mysteries for which I had hitherto found no explanation. He said angrily, ‘Unless some miracle shall happen, the Count will kill his wife with his detestable rebellion against the will of God; they are childless, it is true, and are likely to remain so; but this poor dear lady might at least regain her health and strength, were she not made to feel every hour how bitterly her husband resents this disappointment in his married life.’

“‘The Countess has great self-command,’ said the doctor another day, ‘but her whole organization, and especially her nervous system, has been terribly shaken; I feel convinced that when she is alone she suffers all the more on account of the self-control she manifests when in the presence of others; but I can do nothing, for she never complains, and seems as much as possible to avoid all medical consultation.’

“I might have told the doctor that my relations with the Countess were similar to his own, for I found myself entirely excluded from her confidence in spiritual matters; but I refrained, knowing full well that her reticence in both cases sprung from the same sad root, the tender delicacy of a poor tortured woman's heart.

“Thus autumn and winter passed in a melancholy and uncomfortable way; the Count becoming more irritable and moody, the Countess paler and weaker, sometimes sending forth a flash of nervous irritation never seen before in this gentle lady. Now and then, when seated in our evening trio, she would abruptly ask some question of her husband that had no connection whatever with the subject we were reading, and as it seemed to me with no other purpose than to hear him address herself directly. But the poor thing was always punished for her boldness by the polite but freezing tone of his reply, and that even when the question bore some tender reference to happier days. Such intermezzos were extremely painful to me, and I rejoiced when the book which we were reading had sufficient interest to fix the attention of both my gloomy listeners. The post brought weekly a packet of new books from Pesth, and I well remember one rainy, misty, and cold evening in the beginning of March, when I visited the castle by express invitation of the Count to examine a number of interesting volumes which had just arrived. When I entered the drawing-room the Count was sitting as usual by the fire, reading a political pamphlet. The Countess came in a little later, holding in her hand a book which she placed carelessly among the others. Its color attracted my notice, but I did not see its title, and just at this moment the doctor entered to inquire after the health of the family, before obeying an urgent summons to a castle about ten miles off, where the sister of the proprietor had been seized with serious illness. On his departure I proposed that we should examine the new books, to which the Countess gladly assented, and approaching the table read the titles of a number of them, but put all aside until she came to the volume which I had seen before in her hands. This she opened, and glancing at the first page, said in a low voice, ‘This perhaps will do.’ Her hand trembled perceptibly when she put the volume into mine. I read the title aloud; it was a collection of letters of the Empress Josephine, preceded by a short biographical sketch of the unhappy lady. On hearing the title the Count turned his arm-chair more toward the fire, and dropping the pamphlet he was reading, folded his arms as if ready to listen. The youth of Josephine Beauharnois, her first marriage, and even the earlier portion of her life with her second husband, the great conqueror and diplomatist, were treated very superficially. The main interest of the work lay in the last and saddest period, because the collection of the letters was from the exile of Malmaison. They were evidently edited by one who had been a personal witness of the tragedy, and had a tender interest in the picture, which gave the well-known events fresh charm. At that point of the narrative where Napoleon first seizes the idea of separation, from his desire for a male heir, I heard the Countess say something to her husband in an under-tone, and as I felt that she would not be heard by any other, I raised my voice, and the conviction flashed upon me that her choice of this book had not been a random one, but that the house in which we were was the scene of a similar tragedy, and that the actors were before me. The Count said something in a louder tone, but without my understanding what it was, rose from his chair, which he pushed back vehemently, and hastily left the room.

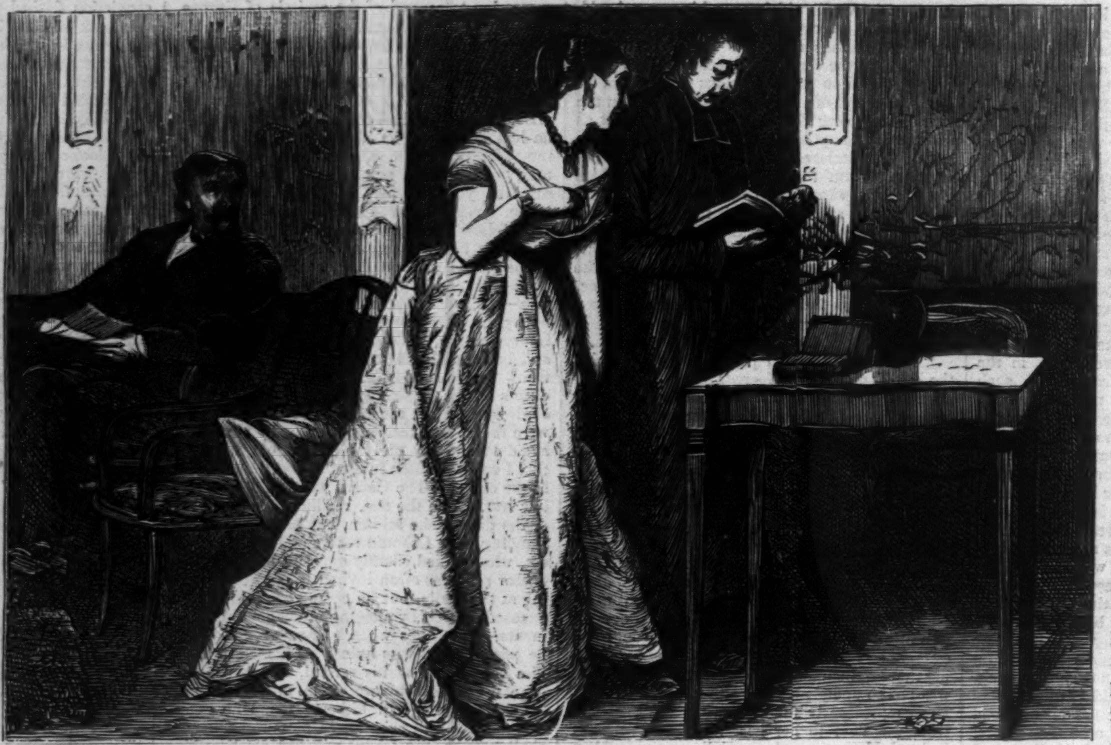
“I looked up from my book; the Countess was standing erect, her face was flushed, and her work had fallen from her hands, which were clasped upon her breast; but the moment the door had closed she became pale and sank back into her seat, without a cry, a word, or sigh. Respecting her emotion, whatever might have caused it, I did not venture to approach, or even to address her, but thought it better to go on with my reading as if nothing had happened. Sometimes I made a short pause, but the lady took no notice of the interruption, and about an hour afterward when the master of the household (*Haushofmeister*) came to announce supper, and at the same time to inform her ladyship that the Count had retired for the night, I closed the book and waited till the Countess should rise.

“The servant then said in a low voice, ‘Her ladyship is asleep.’

“In her weak state of health, and after such emotion as she had lately manifested, it seemed quite natural that this should be the case; but as the place where she sat lay deep in shadow, I rose and approached her with the reading-lamp. Her eyes were closed, her head bent forward on her breast, and her countenance bore the same expression of ineffable sadness which, alas! I had seen it too often wear. Trembling, I bent over her—no respiration; I took her hand—no life-warmth, no motion. Alarm once given, the whole castle was alive; grooms on horseback were sent in every direction for medical men, while her maids used all possible means to bring their lady back to life—in vain. The Count himself, pale as death, and utterly helpless, sat in his wife's bedroom opposite to her outstretched body, capable only of following with his eyes the vain endeavors of the women. As for me, I paced to and fro in the ante-room, praying to God for the poor soul which was perhaps already standing before His eternal throne, but hoping still that my dear friend might be given back to us on earth. The family doctor at length returned, and after a few words with me went directly to the chamber of the Countess. In about a quarter of an hour the door was once more opened violently, and the Count came out, looking unconscious of all around, and instantly disappeared. Soon after, the doctor followed him from the chamber, flung himself on a seat, and covered his face with his hands. I needed no explanation, and asked no question; but he exclaimed, as if in reply to one, ‘Nervous apoplexy!’

“This verdict was confirmed by three other physicians, among whom was one very celebrated man who happened then to be on a professional visit to a neighboring castle. Our dear lady was dead, and beyond the reach of human skill. The Count himself saw no one but the doctors, and them only to receive the unanimous report of his irreparable loss, declining friendly consolation. Of course, all ceremonies had to be attended to, as ‘had been the custom in the family for centuries,’ and oh, it was a dreadful time for me, the first priest on the estate, and therefore the chief actor in all such matters! So many were there to be gone through, and all of such a sadly sombre character, that it seemed as if the first inventor of funeral etiquette had wished to see how far the human nerves could be drawn out without being drawn asunder. Amidst these prescribed observances, however, were two which could not be fulfilled; the one because the Count himself opposed it, the other because circumstances did not admit of its fulfillment. The first was the embalming of the body, to which the Count had an invincible dislike; the second was the placing of it in two coffins, the inner one being of glass, and the outer of lead, as the latter could not have been procured from the capital for more than a fortnight.

“It was decided, therefore, that the remains of the poor lady should meanwhile be placed only in the transparent receptacle, and after lying in state for the prescribed period in the chapel, be deposited in the family vault. A sable banner floated from the highest pinnacle of the castle tower, and the arms of the family over the great entrance gate were draped with black. So also was the interior of the chapel, and numberless candles burned around the lofty catafalque. The monks of a neighboring cloister, which had been founded by the ancestors of the magnate, held uninterrupted watch, excepting at mid-day and between eleven and one o'clock in the night, when the duty devolved on me to watch and pray beside the coffin. This exposition lasted for three days and nights, and in the middle of the second night, as I was alone in the chapel, I heard the door open and a slow, firm step approach the catafalque. It was the Count himself. Without noticing my presence, he stood motionless for a very long time, then extended his hand, probably to take that of the dead, and left the chapel slowly and sternly, as he had entered. Kneeling as I was, I could not see his face, and even had I done so, the proud self-possession that never failed him would have prevented my reading the true feeling of his heart. Perhaps I was unjust. He may have chosen the hour of midnight for his visit to the chapel that he might weep there unobserved; yet on the day of the funeral, when he walked behind the coffin of his wife, his stern and gloomy aspect forbade the utterance of any word of compassion, if it did not repress all feeling of it for him, and rouse harsh judgments. The glazed coffin once deposited in the vault, its heavy iron door was closed, and the massive key replaced by myself among the family archives, which occupied a wing of the castle, and whose keys were always in the Count's own keeping.



"HER HAND TREMBLED PERCEPTIBLY WHEN SHE PUT THE VOLUME INTO MINE."

.....Wearied alike in mind and body, I retired to my parsonage to seek needful rest after these days and nights of sorrow and excitement. But the needed rest I could not find, and an irresistible longing seized me to walk in the fresh evening air. My house was situated in the immediate neighborhood of the church, from which a beautiful avenue of old chestnut-trees led to a little hill, on the top of which stood the family vault, not many paces from the road-side. This building had the appearance of a small chapel, and the massive iron door was surmounted by a semicircular window. I chose this way mechanically. The moon shone brightly through the trees, which had scarcely yet put on their summer foliage, and just at the moment when the vault first came in sight, I saw a dark figure advance with extreme rapidity toward me. It was a man, and as he passed me I recognized with astonishment the Count himself, though it was with difficulty that I convinced myself of his identity, so convulsed with terror was his countenance, so disturbed his manner and his gait. I felt that I ought not to let him go on alone, and followed till I saw that he returned to the castle by the nearest way. What could thus have discomposed him? He was probably as restless as myself. Impulse had brought him unconsciously to the tomb of his wife, and then some terror of the imagination had driven him away. After examination of that side of the house on which were the apartments of the Count, seeing they were lighted, and that no signs of unwonted disturbance were to be seen, I returned home and got at last some sleep. Shortly after daybreak I was awakened by the sudden opening of my bedroom door, and the hasty entrance of my sacristan. In hurried words he told me that the evening before he had been to the next village, and that in returning a little before eleven o'clock by the road which passed near the burial-place, he had twice distinctly heard a cry proceed from the interior of the building, and that running home he had immediately related the incident to his wife.

"'Why did you not at once come to me?' asked I, strange to say, not doubting for a moment the truth of his narrative. The man hesitated a little, reddened very much, and then told me that his wife had not believed a word of his story, but bid him sleep himself sober, and would not let him out of the house. I dressed myself in haste. My meeting with the Count at the same spot—his terror, probably arising from the same cause as that of the sacristan—all this, and something which in such a case we can not well define, assured me that some mystery lay behind the strange coincidence. Accompanied by the sacristan, I went at once to the castle and asked for the Count, but his valet told me that he had ridden out at sunrise, after a sleepless night. This was very perplexing, for I did not dare to take his keys without permission, and it was my belief that somebody, perhaps a child, had hidden himself during the funeral of the Countess, that he might witness the ceremonies, and had been shut in by mistake.

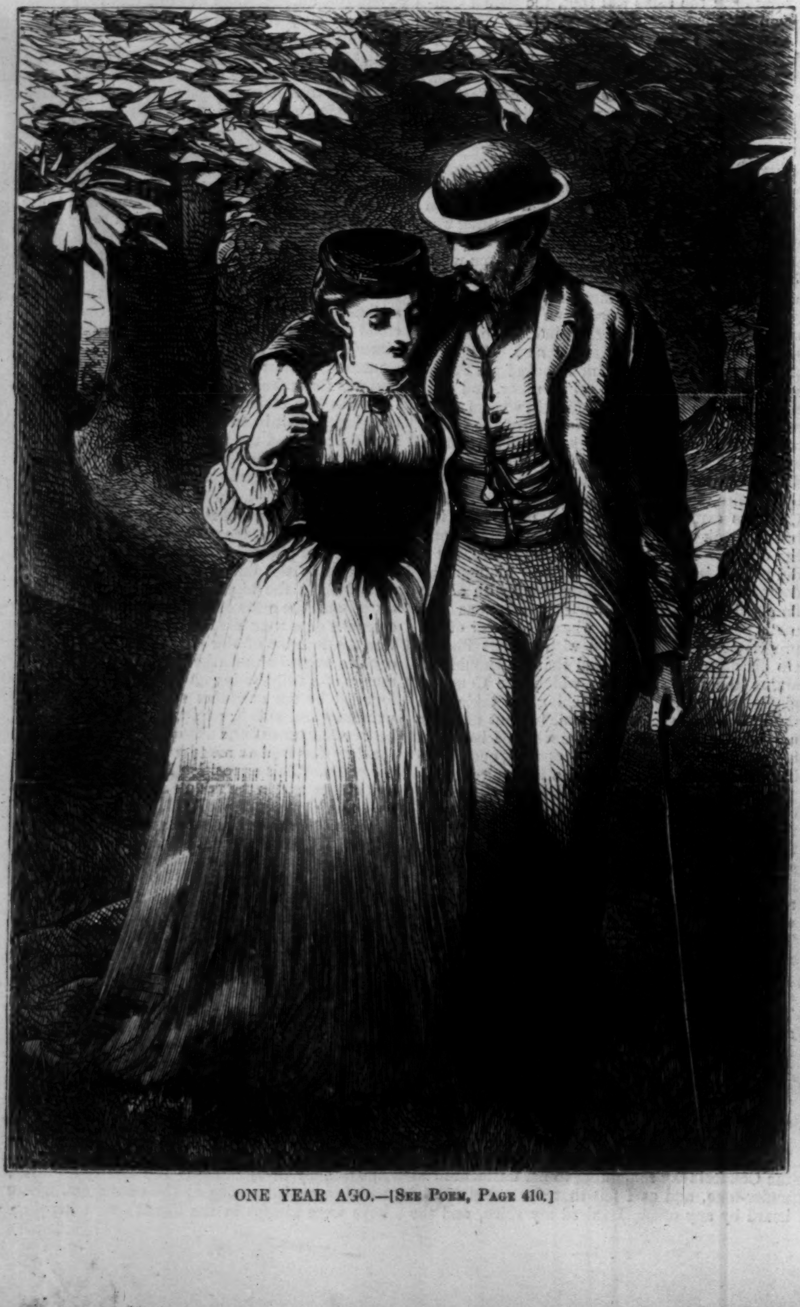
"I had forgotten to enjoin silence on the sacristan, and during my conversation with the Count's valet this man had told his story to others, so that on leaving the castle I found nearly the whole household ready to accompany me to the vault. I thought at first to decline this numerous escort, but afterward reflected that it was well so many should see the natural explanation of the mysterious occurrence. I therefore ordered them to take a ladder long enough to reach the window above the door, through which one could at least see a portion of the inner space, the tomb itself being in a subterranean chamber. In passing through the neighboring village our little crowd became a great procession. Not wishing to trust any thing to other eyes than my own in so serious a matter, so soon as we reached the vault I myself ascended the ladder. The iron bars were far enough apart to enable me to insert my head between them, and the inner window was fortunately open for the sake of ventilation. Blinded as I was by the bright morning sun, it was at first difficult to see distinctly any thing within; but I soon began to see more clearly than at first, and great was my horror at length to recognize, outstretched on the highest step of the staircase, and immediately behind the iron door, the body of the dear dead lady! I descended trembling, and when at length able to speak connectedly, my first words nearly put all my companions to flight, but my next words brought them back, and set the braver among them to hammer furiously against the door—all in vain! a locksmith only could effect an entrance, and during the time that we awaited his arrival I knelt down before the building, the people following my example, and prayed to God for a mild solution of this dreadful riddle. The locksmith came at last, and fortunately he was a clever workman, otherwise he must have been baffled by the complicated lock.

"My eyes had not deceived me: near the door there lay the lifeless body of the unhappy lady—her head bent upon her left arm, her teeth had been buried in her own sweet flesh! Her face and hands bore also marks of wounds from the broken glass of the coffin.—While we stood around, and looked down at this terrible sight, the doctor also kneeling bewildered and half mad with grief at the side of the body, a horse's hoofs were heard approaching, and down the high-road came the Count, returning from his ride. When he reached the spot he looked over the heads of the people; he saw, and comprehended the dreadful truth. The next moment the horse darted forward, with his rider, in full career, and in about half an hour came back—without him!

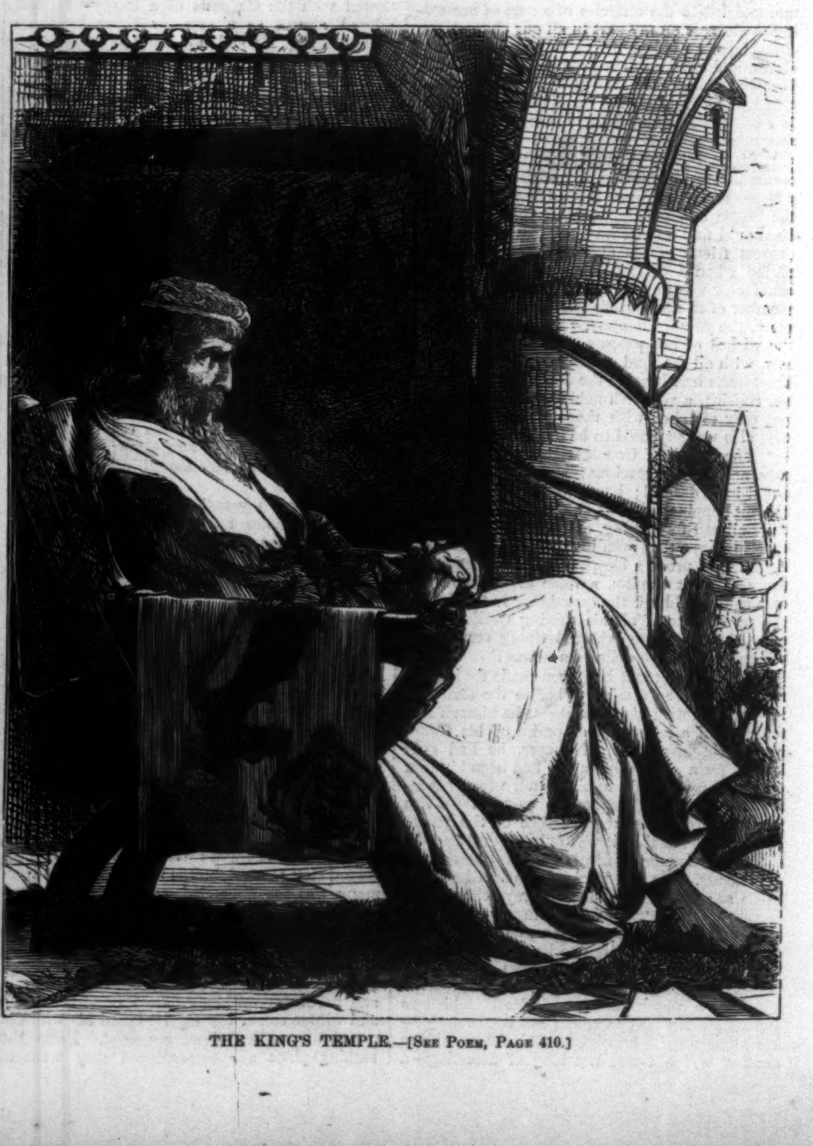
"'Was he killed?'

"No—he had been thrown and seriously injured. The accident was followed by a brain-fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave, but from which he ultimately recovered, and left his home for years of foreign travel. He is now widower for a second time, but has a male heir, whom, it is said, he idolizes. As for myself I never saw him more; I left my parish, lived for some time in a convent in the mountains, and then came hither."

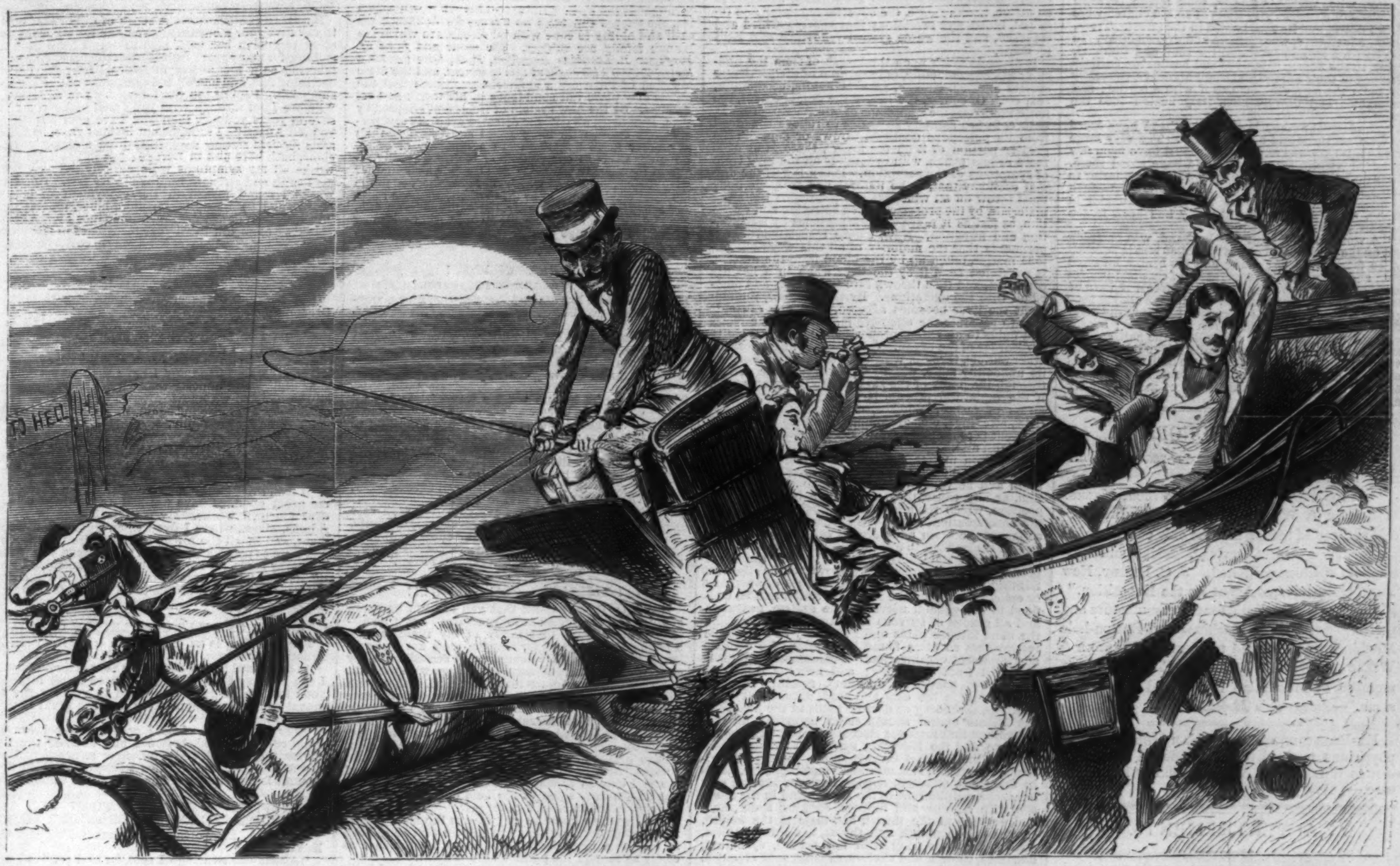
Thus far the priest. Some years later I visited the scene of the above-told tragedy. Once more the sable banner floated on the top of the castle tower; once more the arms above the gate were draped in black; once more a funeral procession wended along the old chestnut avenue; but this time there were two coffins, a great one and a little one. The boy had died. The father, in mad grief, had shot himself beside the body of his son.



ONE YEAR AGO.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 410.]



THE KING'S TEMPLE.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 410.]



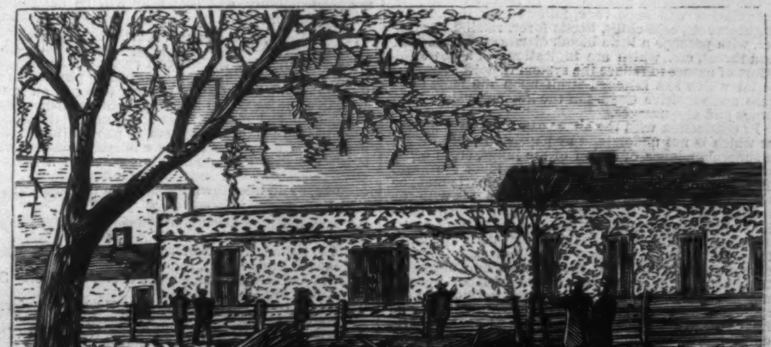
HOME FROM THE RACES.—[See Page 410.]

A TEXAS HAIL-STORM.

Texas is certainly a great State—territorially, agriculturally, and, as appears by the following statement, it excels most States meteorologically. We have long been aware that that climate was famous for sudden changes of temperature, but not one of the proverbial "oldest inhabitants" whom we have encountered has been able to recall such a hail-storm as that which one of our Texas friends thus describes and illustrates. His letter is dated at San Antonio, Texas, May 20, 1868, and reads as follows:

"One of those terrific hail-storms which one hears of but seldom sees or believes visited this city last evening.

"Captain A——, Doctor B——, and myself, were returning from a day's fishing, some ten miles from town, in an army ambulance. About seven o'clock P.M. we noticed indications of rain. Dark clouds were rising in the northwest, accompanied with a great deal of what we at first supposed to be heat-lightning. The lightning gradually became more vivid, the clouds blacker, and the thunder began to make itself heard; and our first supposition of a slight shower changed to a certain prospect of a severe thunder-storm. The mules which drew our ambulance were put to their swiftest gait with the hope of reaching town before it came on, but to no purpose—the storm broke on us when about two miles distant. A fierce wind, driving sheets of rain right in our teeth, put a stop to any further progress, and compelled us to turn the ambulance from the direction of the storm into the 'mesquite' bushes, where we prepared ourselves to quietly sit and take it. Suddenly, however, something hit the side of the ambulance with a noise such as that of a stone violently thrown—another and another—and soon we heard the 'thuds' on the bodies of the mules. Neither mule nor man knew what to make of this; and the former, frightened at this unexpected and unusual castigation, dashed off wildly into the 'mesquite.' It was impossible to see, and, fearing a capsize and drag in the chaparral, we jumped out. Staggering blows on the head and body soon gave us to understand what was going on. It was hailing young cannon-balls! Stones of ice of all shapes, and of the size of a man's fist, cut and bruised our bodies; and, with our arms crossed above our heads, we sought the slight protection of a 'mesquite' bush. There are no trees on this prairie-land. We were at different times knocked down by blows about the head—Captain A—— three times. Cut, bleeding, and bruised, with no other prospect than to 'grin and bear' it; not knowing how long such a phenomenon might last, nor how soon we might be knocked senseless, we felt it to be an awful situation.

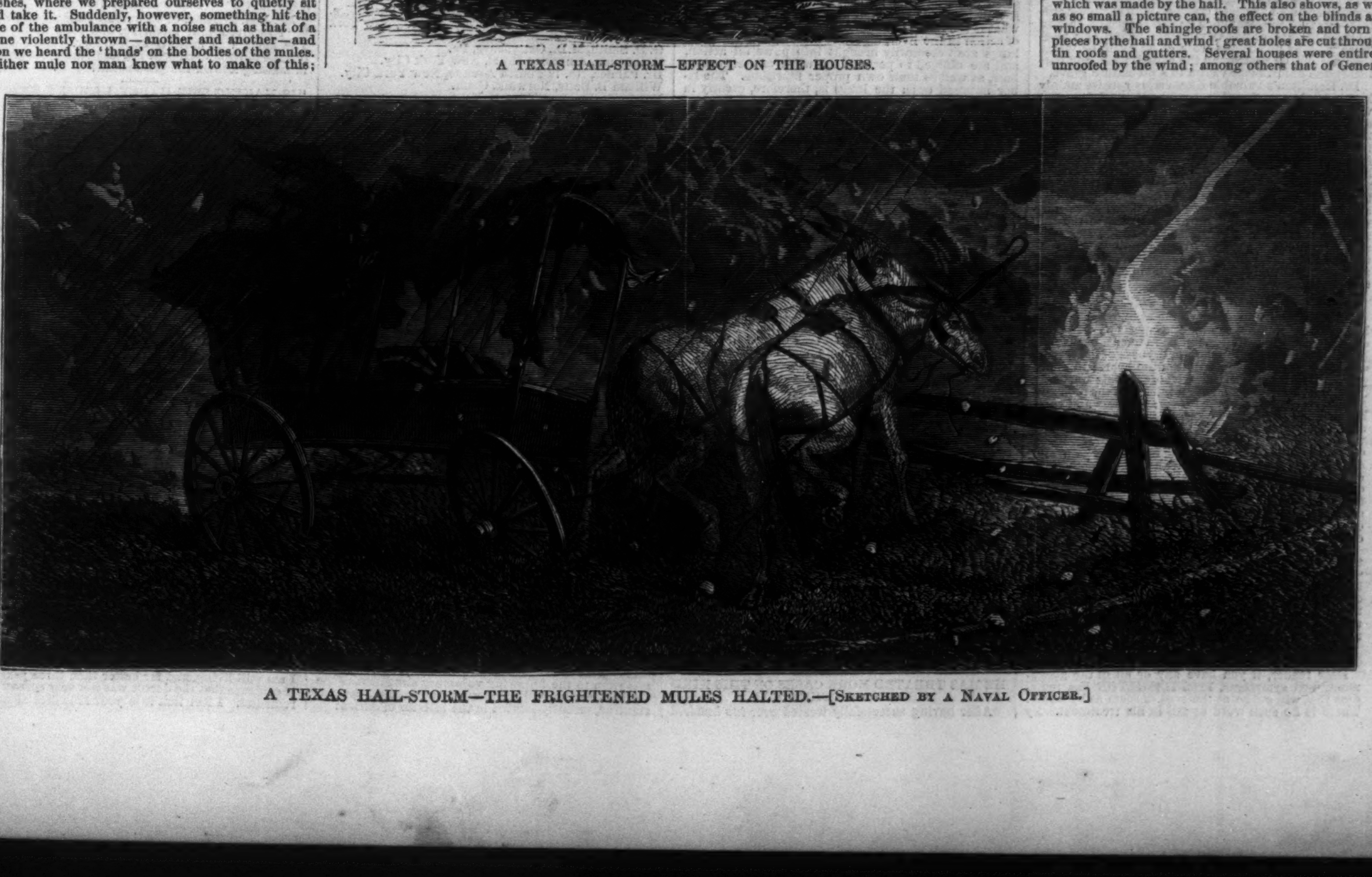


A TEXAS HAIL-STORM—EFFECT ON THE HOUSES.

"In the mean time the mules were 'slewed around' by repeated blows on the head and sides, and stunned. We took advantage of the confusion of the mules, and as they passed us we leaped into the ambulance. Providentially the ambulance was soon brought to a halt by a rail-fence, and the mules were too much exhausted and frightened to exert themselves further. We placed the seats over our heads, and, thus protected, awaited the end of the storm, drenched through, shivering with cold, and badly beaten on the legs and sides.

"The hail fell for twenty-two minutes, and was accompanied with heavy rain, bright, blinding flashes of lightning, and continuous roars and sharp cracks of thunder. The curtains of our ambulance were cut to ribbons, and we scarcely thought the mules would weather it; but they did, and, though much bruised and stunned, brought us safely to town. With black eyes, bloody heads, smashed and cut hats, bruised arms, and torn and muddy clothes, we looked as if just from a 'free fight,' and very badly whipped. Only by experience could we have believed that one could have been exposed to its violence and lived.

"We found our house flooded with water, and all the window-panes and Venetian blinds on its north side knocked into 'smithereens;' and the whole town presents the appearance of a bombarded city. The houses look as if thousands of six-pounders had played against their walls and roofs at point-blank range. The walls, covered with an inch thickness of plaster on the outside, show, as in the photograph which I send you of our own dwelling, every scar on which was made by the hail. This also shows, as well as so small a picture can, the effect on the blinds and windows. The shingle roofs are broken and torn to pieces by the hail and wind; great holes are cut through tin roofs and gutters. Several houses were entirely unroofed by the wind; among others that of General



A TEXAS HAIL-STORM—THE FRIGHTENED MULES HALTED.—[Sketched by a Naval Officer.]

Mason, who, with his family, took refuge between the walls of a door. The walls of an old church were blown down, and its roof landed in the street. Trees, in some instances, were torn up and thrown down. In one house a stone penetrated the roof, and tumbled, spent, to the floor. The trees and bushes are entirely stripped of their foliage and small branches, cut off by the hail; the corn cut down as if with a scythe; and vegetables and flowers absolutely beaten into the ground.

"The largest authenticated stone that I have *heard* of weighed three and a half pounds. The very large ones of two pounds and upward, must have been few and far between, for no one could have stood them. They probably averaged a weight of from a quarter to half a pound and were of the size of one's fist—such at least was my experience. They were irregular in shape, as if in their descent many had been frozen together, and as hard as rock.

"A woman, who, with her husband, was camping out on the prairie, had two ribs broken and is believed to be fatally injured; a dog had his brains knocked out; and there are numerous cases of cuts and bruises more or less severe; there are also several reports of fatal casualties to human life, which have not yet been authenticated. You see holes four inches in diameter through tin roofs and sheet-iron stove pipes; boards of fences are knocked off and split by the hail, and the trees barked as if by cannon-balls. Five miles to the westward of this town there was no hail, though wind and rain, and I judge the storm proper, of hail, not to have extended over a diameter of more than six miles."

PARISIAN HONORS.

We submit the following to our readers. Comment is unnecessary:

"At the Paris Universal Exposition, Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, No. 625 Broadway, received the gold medal, and the only one, awarded for the most perfect Sewing Machine and Button-hole Machine exhibited. J. C. Derby, New York, United States Agent for the Exposition."

"The only gold medal for the manufacture and perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines was awarded to Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, of New York. Henry F. Q. D'Aligny, member of international jury, and reporter of same."—*Demorest's Magazine.*

Ex-President Martin Van Buren and his physicians testified to the wonderful efficacy of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy in his own case.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A TIMELY WARNING,

AND

THE REASON WHY.

How sublime, how beautiful the thought that the researches and developments of the Nineteenth Century have added fresh and glorious laurels to the great temple of fame and science! In every department and phase of progressive development the hand of the sage and philosopher is ever busy—ever ready to devise means for the amelioration of human woe and the prolongation of life.

Think you his an enviable position—an existence without stern obstacles and perplexing cares? Nay, far from it; for he plucks the lovely rose in peril of the thorn; he climbs to eminence and renown, and every step he gains is planted on a prostrate foe. He digs the gold and tries it; another and a bolder hand must strike the blow that stamps its worth and gives it currency as genuine.

It must be admitted by every rational mind that the man who contributes the most toward promoting the happiness and welfare of the human race must of necessity be the most highly esteemed by his fellow-men; acting upon this principle, Prof. R. L. HAMILTON, of New York, has, by patient investigation and vast experience, solved the uncertain question in relation to the vexed and important subject of Liver Complaints and other chronic diseases.

The Doctor, having been very extensively engaged in the treatment of Liver Diseases for a whole lifetime, found a class of those cases that invariably, in spite of the most positive treatment, proved fatal—showing that there were yet some remote, hidden causes that medical science had not fully and perfectly demonstrated. In view of these uncertainties, and for the purpose of benefiting the human race, Prof. Hamilton set about a series of experiments and scientific investigations which have been crowned with complete success—proving the fact which he had suspected, that in all these lingering Liver Complaints the ordinary remedies used by physicians were of no avail, or worse than useless, by destroying the constitution, and hastening the unfortunate victim to a premature grave.

Dr. Hamilton's valuable discoveries consist mainly in his having perfected a combination of remedies which are PURELY VEGETABLE, *and perfectly safe in any case*, no matter how delicate the constitution or feeble the person may be; in fact, after having stood the test for years, it is positively proved that they can not fail in any case to cure where there is sufficient vitality left in the system to respond to the specific action of any human agency whatever. So many thousands having been saved by their use, after every thing else had been used in vain, these natural remedies may with safety be looked upon as SPECIFICS, in the full sense of the word. For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness; coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes, female weaknesses and irregularities.

Another very prominent and common symptom is the peculiar lowness of spirits and gloomy forebodings of the unfortunate sufferer. Persons of naturally buoyant and cheerful dispositions are often changed to dull, morose, and desponding hypocondriacs; those amiable and sprightly become peevish, irritable, and unsociable—in short, undergo an entire change of manner and character.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Dear reader, if you have any or all of the above-mentioned symptoms, Prof. HAMILTON has remedies that will strike at the root of them as by magic. There is no such word as fail in his treatment. By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew.

It depends much upon the length of time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, etc. Of course, the longer the derangement, the more numerous the symptoms of internal discord. If nature, in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, throws or deposits the greater portion of it on the Lungs, there is at once more or less cough, with eventually all the long train of symptoms of Consumption. It is a law of the animal economy that, to be natural and free, the body must throw off all worn-out and poisonous irritating materials, by the processes called secretion and excretion, as fast as it takes on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now, I have ascertained by experiments that the majority of all this worn-out bilious matter, taken up by the blood from the system, is separated from it by the liver when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels and passed off with the excretions. By this you see, the moment the liver becomes affected, from any cause, it fails to separate the offensive matter from the blood and fluids to an extent proportionate to the torpidity or disorder of the organ. Consequently, nature seeks other outlets, through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown to the surface through the pores of the skin, which it irritates, and, if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, etc., are induced, such as are seen in different persons and localities of the globe.

So with all kinds of fits and nervous diseases. The same poison matter that is naturally, and should be, taken up by the liver, is left in the blood; and if the brain and nervous system are weakened by over-action, or any cause, they are thrown into a negative position, which renders them incapable of resisting the accumulation, and the consequence is, irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and, in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsions or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting fit to the most dangerous cases of apoplexy or epilepsy. Should the irritation settle, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, neuralgia and all grades of nervous affections supervene, from the most intense pains and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness at night is produced from the same; and nervous headache, drowsiness, heaviness, dizziness, roaring, buzzing, and singing in the ears and head, dimness of sight, deafness, throbbing or darting pains in the head. If the bilious matter should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat, and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal derangements, namely: Water-brash, heartburn, sickness and vomiting, colic, pains in the sides, stomach, bowels, back, or breast; sick headache, palpitations of the heart, wind in the stomach, with distress and fullness, choking spells, heat and dryness in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, canker in the mouth and throat, bad breath, thirst, cold chills alternating with hot flashes, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera and cholera morbus, sour stomach, with raising of the food, unsteady appetite, constipation of the bowels, all-gone feelings, etc.

POSITIVE PROOF.

CONTINUATION OF PROFESSOR HAMILTON'S THEORY.

Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Phthisic, and Consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious material is thrown upon the delicate membrane that lines the air-passages, causing irritation, with more or less cough, severe soreness through the throat, breast, sides, back, or shoulders, or pains of various degrees of severity; and unless something be done immediately to relieve nature, inflammation will supervene, followed by ulceration, night-sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrhœa, sore mouth and throat, etc., which are indications of a powerful effort of nature to relieve the system of poisonous material which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organs in the human system—the lungs and air-passages.

In connection with the above cause we have another which is not understood by physicians, and that is a superabundance of action of the lungs, or, in other words, they have been compelled to labor too hard. That any machine may run well, all the parts must be well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful body, has allotted to each organ a specific amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause all to run smoothly and easily through life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtasked by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and, no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, falls into decay.

Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the tiny seat of life—has become impaired, and, instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do—what is the result? In all cases where there is a lack of action in the liver, digestive organs, and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors, as well as their own proper functions. The labor imposed upon the lungs is, therefore, greatly in excess of what it should be in a normal condition, producing irritation, inflammation, and ultimately ulceration, general prostration, and consumption. In brief, the above are the causes that produce all lung diseases, throat affections, and catarrh. Now, the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple, safe, and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, we have, by vast experience, learned that other organs should be aroused to action at once, and be compelled to perform their full, healthy functions, and thus establish harmony, vigor, and vitality throughout the body.

IS WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT THIS CONTINENT.

Professor R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every state and territory in the Union as the most skillful and successful physician in the cure of Chronic Diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany, and Diseases of Females and Children, in Central Medical College, also Physician to the New York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, etc., has had opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, and added largely to his skill and experience.

Nor is this all. His present connection with that popular and useful *Institution* known as the NATIONAL BUREAU OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, as its President and general *Manager*, is positive evidence that Professor Hamilton has the full confidence not only of the *Trustees* of the above public institution, but of the American people. It is now admitted by the best physicians that Prof. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true *theory* of the origin and cure of Liver Complaints.

The views advocated by him more than a quarter of a century ago are now adopted by the most eminent physiologists of the world.

HE HAS TREATED MORE CASES OF THIS KIND THAN ANY OTHER MAN.

After having successfully treated over *two hundred thousand cases of Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases* throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubting his skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family are subject. *The name and fame of Professor R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., have become a household word throughout this continent*, and the mere mention of them are a sufficient guarantee that the public may place full confidence in his worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by Prof. Hamilton, all chronic diseases are *fully and permanently cured*, with more speed and certainty than any other known method. In a majority of cases, *cures are made in one quarter of the time* usually required by other treatments; and there is also another advantage to be gained which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, in that *no mineral or poisonous remedies* are given. Consequently, patients are in no danger of exposure, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of every-day life.

THE REASON WHY!

WHY IS DR. HAMILTON SUCCESSFUL?

1st.—Because he has studied these diseases for a LIFETIME—first becoming interested by his own sufferings.

2d.—Because he has investigated every remedy known to science, and, in addition, has new remedies, from the fields and forests, OF HIS OWN DISCOVERY, and of the greatest possible efficacy and value.

3d.—Because he has no routine way of treating all cases alike, but treats each patient who sacredly commits his health to his care according to the ACTUAL CONDITION OF EACH PATIENT.

4th.—Because, having made a SPECIALTY of Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases, he has an experience which has extended to tens of thousands of cases—a greater experience, it is safe to say, THAN ANY OTHER LIVING MAN.

5th.—Because he selects his remedies for each case with such care, uses harmless vegetable agents, and devotes his whole life and energies to making his practice successful—to get his patients THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED.

REMEMBER ONE THING!!!

Reader: Do not think that you can not be cured because you have tried other remedies. Let it be distinctly understood that many of my remedies are known only to myself, for many of them are discoveries of my own, and are compounded according to my own reasoning and extensive experience with the sick.

All sick persons must remember that, if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write me their present symptoms, plainly; or patients can mark the symptoms they have, as above published. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for I have constantly thousands under my treatment, in various parts of the world, whom I never see, all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person—in fact, some of the best cures ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

Please write to me at once, all ye afflicted, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or can not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good; for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the salvation or happiness of his suffering and erring children. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always inclose ten cents; postage must be paid in advance. I am always in attendance, and attend to all cases in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE INCREDULOUS.

So well knowing the general custom of the American people to denounce all advertising physicians as "humbugs," without knowing any thing at all in regard to their merits, in addition to the numerous and wonderful testimonials from some of the thousands who have been cured by me, I publish below the names and addresses of a few reliable persons who know me well as a man of integrity and a reliable physician. Any one desiring can call and consult any of them, or address them by letter on the subject:

Benjamin Berry, Matteawan, N. Y.
Alexander Hughes, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
John Proper, Waterford, N. Y.
Alice J. Palmer, New Milford, Conn.
Thomas B. Slingerland, Rome, N. Y.
Charles Carroll, Attorney-at-Law, No. 63 Liberty St., New York City.
Timothy Cronin, Attorney-at-Law, No. 161 Broadway, New York City.
J. M. Emerson, No. 83 Nassau Street, New York City.
J. K. Van Slyke, Stationer, No. 2 Broad Street, New York City.
William Wright, Broker, No. 50 Broad Street, New York City.
Norval M. White, Clerk in New York City Post-office.
F. Dennstadt, M.D., No. 296 Broome Street, New York City.
G. D. Smith, M.D., Gettysburg, Pa.
E. Harmon, American Hotel, New York City.
Dr. Palmer, No. 79 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
William B. Betts, Norwalk, Conn.
Edwin Burlingame, Troy, N. Y.
S. O. Gleason, Druggist, Troy, N. Y.
Harvey Wilcox, Ridge Mills, N. Y.
The Hon. R. G. McCreary, Gettysburg, Pa.
G. W. Lord, Attorney-at-Law, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.
S. S. Street, M.D., Margaretsville, N. Y.
S. S. Parker, Alabama, N. Y.
J. Jackson, Broker, No. 137 Broadway, New York City.
Charles Van Benthuysen & Sons, State Printers, Albany, N. Y.
Joseph Anderson, No. 81 Adams Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Riley Merrill, Sanford, N. Y.
Daniel Edwards, Otego, N. Y.
Martin Decker, Rockland, N. Y.
Burr Wilson, Rockland, N. Y.
Marvin Kimball, North Branch, N. Y.
Thomas Colby, Moresville, N. Y.
Thomas Fitch, M.D., Prattsville, N. Y.
J. W. Parmenter, No. 9 Spruce Street, New York City.
A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists, No. 141 William Street, New York City.
William Youngblood, No. 83 Nassau Street, New York City.
Renatus Bachman, Chemist, No. 188 Fulton Street, New York City.
John E. Van Etten, Attorney-at-Law, Kingston, N. Y.
Oscar Hamilton, Stamford, N. Y.
Henry Biers, Chicago, Ill.
Joseph Palmer, New Hamburgh, N. Y.
George H. Bates, No. 63 Liberty Street, New York City.
Rev. Ira Hugg, Pointville, N. J.
Rev. Wesley Quinlan, West Sand Lake, N. Y.
Rev. Henry Kimball, No. 9 Beekman Street, New York City.

The Truth must be Told, if the Heavens Fall.

NEW AND WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOR OF PROF. HAMILTON'S SUCCESS IN CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

"HAD OFTEN RECEIVED SIMILAR ASSURANCES."

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the eminent divine and missionary the Rev. A. A. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa:

No. 90 Fulton St., N. Y. City, April 21, 1868.
Dr. R. Leonidas Hamilton, No. 546 Broadway.

My Dear Benefactor: A sense of duty impels me to say that your medicines have done for me what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from diseases contracted while laboring as a missionary in Africa. Last fall I was declining fast, and had all the symptoms of quick consumption. I applied to you for help. You remarked, "Before I get through with you I will make you feel several years younger than you have ever felt since you left Africa." I thought but little of THAT, *as I had often received similar assurances* from eminent physicians, both here and in Europe; but in less than two weeks all my symptoms were entirely changed, and my health and strength improved very fast. In a few weeks I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform more labor, mental and physical, than at any previous time since I left Africa. May God bless you in all your researches in His great laboratory, and make you His agent in restoring thousands to health. A. A. Constantine.

GOOD PROOF.

Webster City, Iowa, May 10, 1868.
Dr. Hamilton, New York City.

My Dear Sir: Your medicine was received in due time, and I certainly feel very happy to inform you that it had the desired effect. Shortly after I commenced taking it the whole combination of symptoms left me. My husband and I have such confidence in your ability and honesty that we are recommending all the afflicted we know to write to you. If we are ever in need of medicine again, we shall apply to you.

Yours very gratefully, Mary E. Lyon.

"PRONOUNCED INCURABLE!"

Mrs. Almira S. Brackett Freest, of Lee Centre, Oneida Co., N. Y., writes, May 19:

"I feel, through the mercies of God, you have done me great good. I have not had a vomiting spell in over fourteen weeks. My case is known in North Adams, Mass., where I lived when under your treatment, and in all the towns in Berkshire County. If you were to publish my cure in that county, you would get many cases, for I was pronounced incurable by all the doctors in that part of the country. I will cheerfully vouch the truth of this to all strangers who may doubt it."

A CASE OF PILES COMPLETELY CURED.

The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. N. Bruett, of Jefferson, Wis., written May 17, 1868:

"I have used the medicine you sent me, and though I can not say I am thoroughly cured in all respects, yet I feel under great obligation to you for the removal of my worst symptoms and the great mitigation of others.

"*The piles with which I greatly suffered are entirely cured;* indeed, before I had finished the first course they ceased, and *have never returned*, and my blood is better, the irruptive tendency of slight flesh wounds is removed, and such now heal quickly."

"BENEFITED HER MORE THAN ALL THE REMEDIES SHE EVER USED IN HER LIFE."

Mrs. E. A. Ellsworth, of Dannemora, Clinton Co., N. Y., writes:

"About one year ago I sent for and received your medicine, which benefited me more than all the remedies I ever used in my life, and I now want you to let me know what you can do for a neighbor of mine."

Mrs. Lethea A. Smith, of Evergreen, Avoyelles Parish, La., writes, May 6:

"I feel and know that I am gaining rapidly all the time, and I know not how to express my gratitude to you for relieving me of pain and misery. I have no more gloomy forebodings; menses are regular, digestion good; in short, I feel like my former self again. Any thing I can do for you, by influencing others to apply, shall be done with earnestness and great pleasure. Send me some circulars, for I feel that one should be in the hands of every diseased person throughout our impoverished Southern country."

AN OLD LUNG DIFFICULTY.

C. D. Smith, Esq., of Paducah, Ky., writes thus, March 23, 1868:

"Dear Doctor: My brother commenced taking your medicines about 11 days ago, since which time he has materially progressed toward better health. He sleeps and breathes much easier, and his strength is returning very fast. He is gaining in flesh also. He coughs much less; indeed, yesterday he walked with me some three miles—slowly, of course—and he coughed but once during the ramble, which would not have been done at any time before for two years. You will hear from this place in the way of other patients."

GAINS TWENTY POUNDS IN THREE MONTHS.

Miss Annie Applegate, of Le Claire, Scott Co., Iowa, writes, Feb. 26, 1868:

"I know your remedies are invaluable. I gained 20 pounds of flesh while taking them. If any one complains, I tell them to try your remedies, for I was very bad with liver disease."

"TAKES PLEASURE IN MAKING KNOWN THE GOOD RESULTS."

Mr. J. H. Moshell, of Columbus, Georgia, writes:

"I received your medicine, and took as directed. The effect was entirely satisfactory. Have handed out the circulars you sent me, and take great pleasure in making known the good result."

"IS MAKING THE HAPPY RESULTS KNOWN."

A. W. Harney, of Woodson, Morgan Co., Ill., writes:

"I have acquainted two young men in this place, who are suffering with liver complaint, with the happy results attending your treatment in my case."

"RESTS WELL NIGHTS."

Mr. Willis De Long, of South Edmeston, Otsego Co., N. Y., writes:

"I received your medicines in due time, and have used them with great benefit. Previous to taking the remedies I could not lie on the left side, nor rest scarcely any nights. My sleep is now sound and refreshing, and I can lie on either side. All the bad feelings about my stomach and sides are gone, and I begin to feel like my former self again."

"MONEY NOT THROWN AWAY."

Mr. Job Coslett, of Danville, Montour Co., Pa., writes:

"I received the medicine you sent, and before I had finished taking it I was able to work, and have been ever since. When I expressed my intention to try your remedies, many of my neighbors said I 'would throw away my money.' I feel that I have not thrown it away, for I received great benefit—indeed, I may say a *perfect cure.*"

"DOES NOT DEEM IT NECESSARY TO SEND FOR ANY MORE."

Mrs. Margaret Nellis, of Eagle Rock, Pa., writes:

"I received your medicines in due time, and have used them as directed. *They have effectually cured me*, and I do not deem it necessary to send for any more."

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, WHO SHALL DECIDE?

Miss Mary C. Webster, of Pilcher, Belmont Co., Ohio, writes:

"When I first told my regular physician, who had been attending me, that I was taking your remedies, he said: 'I tell you, Miss Webster, there is no use in taking Dr. Hamilton's or any other doctor's medicine, for you have no constitution on which to build; there is not sufficient vitality in your system to respond to the action of the medicine; no power on earth can save you, and if you live a month, 'twill be owing to the favorable condition of the weather.' The fact that I am still living, and far better than three years ago, is evidence that the doctor was not very correct in his remedies. I feel that it is your remedies alone that have kept me out of my grave. I attribute all I enjoy to the favor of God and your treatment; and shall ever feel grateful for my deliverance from what seemed an untimely death."

"CHEERFULLY RECOMMENDS HER FRIENDS."

Mrs. Susie E. Davis, of Warwick, Mass., writes:

"Previous to my taking your remedies I was unable to do any of my work, and could not sit up only a portion of the time. I can say truthfully and sincerely that your medicine and advice have been of the greatest benefit to me; and I have cheerfully recommended you to such of my friends as have needed medical advice and treatment."

A CURE OF SALT RHEUM AND SCROFULA.

Mrs. Charlotte Rhoades of Courtland Centre, Kent Co., Mich., writes under recent date:

"This is the first winter in *eleven years* that my hands have not troubled me with Scrofula and Salt Rheum. It is your remedies that have accomplished this. When I see any one out of health, I tell them to at once write to you if they want to be helped."

"HER STORY IS SOON TOLD." A CASE OF PILES CURED.

Carrie E. Phillips, of Middletown Centre, Susquehanna Co., Pa., after making application for a friend of hers, adds:

"As for myself, my story is soon told: I am well again, thanks to the Lord and your medicines. I believe you have saved me from an untimely grave: you have cured me from the Liver Complaint and the Piles. My sufferings from the latter disease (incident, I believe, to the former) were intolerable. I can not express my thanks to you for what you have done for me, and the prompt attention and solicitude you manifested while doing it. God will be your rewarder. If I or any of my friends are sick again, you will hear from us."

"FOUND HIMSELF A SOUND MAN."

Mr. C. D. Inman, of North Chemung, Chemung Co., New York, writes:

"Three years ago I was suffering with a severe case of Liver Disease, and after trying our local physicians, and several popular patent medicines, without avail, I was induced by a neighbor of mine, who had been cured by you, to give you a trial; and after taking your remedies for a single month, I found myself *a sound man.* I then sent for my wife, and she experienced like relief. I now make application for my daughter, &c., &c.

HAS LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT AGE DOES NOT STAND IN THE WAY OF MY MATCHLESS REMEDIES.

Mrs. Elvira Ely, of Rock Falls, Whiteside Co., Ill., writes, May 25:

"When I first wrote to you for counsel and advice, I did not let you know my age, for fear you would not give me any encouragement; but, sir, let me say to you, I have learned from experience that age does not stand in the way of your matchless remedies."

"HAD OFTEN PASSED THEM BY AS A HUMBUG."

HUDSON, Ill., May 3, 1868.

DEAR DOCTOR: I delayed writing to you that I might see whether the relief I realized from your invaluable medicines would be as lasting and permanent as it was unexpected and magical. I am glad to be able to say that I have experienced no relapse, and I feel it due to the sick and afflicted, and your indefatigable labors in their behalf, that I should acknowledge your skill and success in the treatment of Liver Disease.

Having suffered three years from a very disordered and deranged state of the liver, and having tried the best physician in Jacksonville, Illinois, an adjoining town, and receiving no benefit, I determined to try your remedies, of which *I had frequently read, and passed them by as a humbug.* I tried one course, was much relieved; tried another, and felt so much relieved as almost to forget my former troubles. Since that time I have continued to convalesce, and am now, comparatively speaking, a new man. I shall never forget my indebtedness to you, nor forget to cherish the remembrance of your name.

Truly yours, ARTHUR W. HARVEY.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DONE MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE PHYSICIANS.

Mrs. Catharine Anderson, of Southampton, Bucks Co., Pa., writes:

"Your medicines have worked wonders in my case. Previous to taking your remedies I had doctored with three physicians, all of whom pronounced my disease *consumption*, and *incurable.* Cod-liver oil and different kinds of syrups were taken in great quantities, but to no purpose. I was confined to my bed for six months, coughed continually, and raised great quantities of matter. My throat was swelled out nearly even with my chin, and my sufferings were most intense. I had not taken your medicines more than one week before I found great relief; my cough was much loosened, and I breathed with greater freedom and ease. My appetite was better, and I felt that a new life had opened before me. I owe my very existence to your great skill and invaluable remedies."

"YOU HAVE BEEN THE MEANS OF SAVING MY LIFE."

Dr. Hamilton. WESTFIELD, N. Y., April 25.

DEAR SIR: I have used nearly all the medicine you sent me, and herewith I enclose the money for another package. I think you will find few cases more obstinate than mine was. My bowels and back were weak and in a bad state, and many of my weak points seemed to be there. I had a very severe time with my head, and was so nervous and seemingly deranged at times that I got little or no rest for several weeks. I am much better now, and I feel almost free from disease. I think one more package of your remedies will complete the cure. But you will hear from me again, for you have been the means (under the blessing of Providence) of saving my life. My faith is fully established, and I think I understand your theory, and believe you are able to cope with any disease to which the human system is heir or liable. I had tried every other means and every other physician that I had faith in; and when all had failed to benefit me, the Lord, by some special means, directed me to you, and from the first I had faith to believe that you could cure me. In fact, I have not for many years felt as well and free from disease as I now do.

Truly, your life-long friend, SIMEON MCCORD.

A LADY'S LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS CURED.

Prof. Hamilton. WEEDSPORT, N. Y., April 18, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I have used three quarters of the package of medicine you sent me, and thanks to that wise Providence, whom all should bless, for the great good they have done me. I truly believe that my disease was of the liver and digestive organs; and had I not received timely aid from your treatment my difficulties would have terminated in liver consumption, and then I should have been incurable. I had been failing fast for the last five months previous to applying to you, although under medical treatment of three of the most skillful physicians in one of the cities of this state. Many persons are daily visiting me to see and hear of your miraculous skill, remarking that "Professor Hamilton must be possessed of more than a doctor's power to cure you." Some look at me with great amazement, after noticing the great change that has taken place in my condition and appearance in so short a time. I ride or walk every day, and can walk a mile. Truly yours, MRS. D. C. HOWE.

HOW GRATEFUL THE RESTORED!

FRENCHTOWN, HUNTERDON CO., N. J.,
Oct. 15, 1867.

DEAR SIR: The medicines I received from you I have taken as directed, and I can not express my gratitude for the great benefit derived from their use. My disease is entirely, and, I believe, permanently removed. I deem it providential that I was directed to you after all other means had failed. Depend on it, I shall do all in my power to direct poor, diseased mortals to a source of relief which, from experience, I know to be a true one. I thank you, my dear Doctor, for your faithful attention, and you shall always have my best wishes for your success in relieving the sufferings of your fellow-creatures.

Most respectfully, MRS. CHARLES BURKIT.

WHY WILL THE AFFLICTED DOUBT WHEN SO MANY ARE SAVED?

Mr. Edwin P. Cady, of Lyons, N. Y., writes:

"I deem it my duty to write to you and let you know the success of your medicines in my wife's case. She had not rested, day or night, for three years, and some of the time I did not expect her to live through the night. When you wrote you could cure her, I did not have much faith, but thought it my *duty* to use all means in my power to save her. She used your medicines as directed, and the result is that she is now WELL, and doing the work for five in the family. From such marvelous success, I have unbounded confidence in your ability to cure chronic diseases, and now beg leave to lay my own case before you."

IS ALL THIS TRUE?

Mr. Samuel L. Furlong, of Muskegan, Mich., in a letter dated April 6, 1868, writes:

"I have cut out SEVENTEEN of the testimonials that were in the *New York Tribune*, and sent them to the persons themselves, with letters of inquiry about them, and also about you, and every one stated that they were true, and recommending your remedies very highly; also giving a history of their cases, which was, indeed, very cheering to a poor man, with a sick wife and three small children to support."

A VOICE FROM THE WEST—CATARRH AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. Abigail Beeman, of Wankon, Allemakee County, Iowa, says, March 16, 1868:

"I have taken your medicines as directed, and can not express my gratitude. I had not been able to do my work for eleven years, and during that time had taken medicine from the most eminent physicians in the West, but was constantly growing worse, and was not able to sit up an hour. I fear, had it not been for your valuable medicines, I should have been in my grave. Now I sit up all day, and I am able to work."

ANOTHER CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS CURED.

Mrs. Lavina Myers, of Toronto, Vermillion Co., Ind., writes:

"I have taken two thirds of the medicine you sent me, and have had no fits or spasms since I commenced its use. The effect of your medicines seems truly wonderful. I feel to thank God that I have been relieved of such a terrifying disease. I send for medicine to prevent the possibility of a relapse, although I now feel perfectly well."

LIVER DISEASE OF TEN YEARS' STANDING CURED.

Mr. George W. Crocker, of South Valley, Otsego Co., N. Y., writes:

"I have used a portion of the medicines prepared for me, and am much gratified in informing you that I have gained twenty per cent. in health. It is surprising to me, as I had not seen a well day for ten years previous to applying to you. I consider your remedies truly wonderful."

A SAD CASE, SURELY!

The following needs no comment:

NORTH EGREMONT, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.,
November 1, 1857.

Dr. Hamilton.

DEAR SIR: I was troubled for some years with liver complaint and bilious colic, which at times was so severe that I longed for death to end my misery. Last September I was taken down so low my friends thought there was no help for me, and said I must die. My suffering was more than I can tell. I employed one physician after another, without experiencing any permanent relief. At last, reading of your wonderful cures in the *Independent*, I concluded to write to you, stating my case as correctly as possible, and received your answer that you could *cure me.* I therefore ordered the medicine (my friends still doubting), which was taken as directed, and, after taking it two or three days, I began to gain, and now feel quite *well*, having worked at my trade (carpenter and joiner) for some weeks past. I confidently recommend all afflicted as I was to place themselves under your treatment, for I am convinced you understand your business, and can do what you claim.

Yours truly, CHARLES POTTER.

IMPORTANT CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS.

Read the following evidence of what my treatment has done in a case of this disease, hitherto considered incurable:

Dr. Hamilton: BUCKHART, ILL., October 13.

My wife was afflicted with fits for ten years, *attended with great spinal and nervous debility.* She doctored with several physicians, but all to no purpose. I read one of your circulars, and was so impressed with your new and simple theory of disease that I determined to try your remedies. As you know, we sent for your remedies, which, with the help of God, have *completely and permanently cured her.* She has not had a fit since, her back is strong, and her nervous vitality and strength have returned. As every attack she had was severer than the one previous, it is reasonable to suppose she could not have lived long, but for the timely interference of your wonderful skill. To God be the praise; for so speedily and miraculously have your remedies worked that I can but recognize you as an instrument of Divine power in rescuing my dear companion from a terrible death. Words can but inadequately express my gratitude and joy. I wish you to publish this, and spread it far and near. I deem it my solemn duty to all afflicted with this awful malady to do all in my power to make known to them the *true physician;* and if any doubt the authenticity of this let them write to me; I will satisfy them that it is all true. May God's blessing attend you in your efforts for humanity's good. JOHN S. SHARP.

RHEUMATISM—AN AWFUL CASE!!

William McNellis, Eagle Rock, Venango County, Pa., writes, April 8, 1868:

"I return my sincere thanks for having permanently cured me of rheumatism, after having suffered severely for about seven years! When I had doctored with other doctors, and tried all the patent medicines that I could get, with no avail, and was so bad that I could hardly get out of my house, and part of the time not able to get out of my bed, as I was affected in nearly every joint, I thought I would try you as a last resort. To my great joy, in less than three weeks I was able to go out and *jump* with the most active man in the place. In one month I was perfectly cured, and had gained seventeen pounds, and I never had better health in my life than I have enjoyed for the last six months. May God bless you and your *miraculous remedies.*"

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Anna Hay, of Hunt's Corners, Cortland County, N. Y., writes, August 8, 1866:

"Three years ago last spring I was in very poor health, and sent to you for a package of your medicines. I used them according to your instructions, and through them and the goodness of our Heavenly Father, I was restored, and have been very well most of the time since. Besides doing the work for and taking care of my family and an aged mother, I have woven over three hundred yards of cloth, and spun the material for a hundred yards of it, which I could never have accomplished were it not for the effects of your remedies, for which I feel under many obligations to you. I have so much faith in them that I recommend every sick person among my acquaintances to apply to you, and shall continue to do so. I forgot to mention before that Mr. Hay was so badly afflicted with the rheumatism in his knees that he was obliged to go about with a cane, and sometimes with a crutch. I prevailed upon him to apply some of your External Specific, which I happened to have in the house. He used it only three times, and was entirely cured. For three years before his knees would pain him so badly that he could not sleep nights. After using the Specific he slept as sound as a pig, and has had no more trouble with his knees since."

IN HIS MERCY HE SAVES THE AFFLICTED!

Mr. John Lewis, of Zollarsville, Washington Co., Pa., writes:

"The medicine you sent me last spring acted like a charm. It relieved me very soon of a deranged state of the liver, stomach, and bowels. The marked peculiarity of your remedies is, while they act directly and thoroughly on the diseased organs, they do not depress or debilitate the system, like other Liver Remedies I have used. I consider you fully master of your profession, and, from your open, fair way of dealing with me, I deem you an upright, conscientious man, as well as an accomplished physician."

READ, YE AFFLICTED.

Mrs. Samuel A. Firman, of Carversville, Pa., writes, May 22, 1866:

"My daughter now enjoys better health than she has had before in many years. She seems to be perfectly well. Your medicine has cured her."

APPRECIATES IT FULLY!

Mr. Joseph Littel, of Thompson, Pa., writes, Sept. 5:

"Last January I received a package of medicine from you. It is with much pleasure and thankfulness that I now state that my health is fully re-established. The asthma and bronchial difficulties are entirely removed, with the other numerous complaints before specified. I now feel as well as any one can expect to be at my age—sixty-seven years."

CONCLUSION.

It would seem to us that, after carefully looking over the evidence given above, all reasonable persons must be led to the conclusion that there can be no good reason for doubting the fact that Dr. HAMILTON is just what he is represented to be—a very successful physician in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. It is useless to cry "humbug," for the above parties have volunteered to give their evidence for the benefit of the suffering, and for no other purpose. All of these testimonials are genuine—are guaranteed to be so, in fact—and it is easy to write to them, and get from their own pens the FACTS. Any of them will answer all inquiries of this character.

Have no hesitancy in writing to the Doctor, and state to him your case in full, and he will deal honestly and promptly with you. All letters to him must be addressed thus:

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,
No. 546 BROADWAY,
Care of Post-office Box No. 4952, *New York.*

The number of the Post-office Box must be put on each letter to insure safety.

Campaign Sleeve-Buttons.

IMITATION IVORY.

Perfect Likenesses of Grant and Colfax,
in relief. *Red, White, Blue, Black,* and *Brown.*
$1 00 per pair. Sent free on receipt of price.
Large Discount to the Trade.
WM. M. WELLING, Patentee, 571 Broadway, N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE

Novelty Iron Works,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,
Cor. Broadway, New York.

Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

ASTONISHING. The genuine OROIDE GOLD WATCH, fine hunting case, marked 18 carats, equal to the BEST GOLD, worth $180, imported and sold by us only, at $12. Sent by express on receipt of $1, the balance paid on delivery. Address
BENTON & CO., 148 Fulton St., New York.

$325 A MONTH, AND EXPENSES. 28 New Articles. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

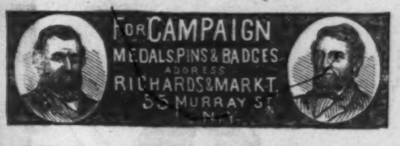
THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by
W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORKS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN AVENUES B AND C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.
N. CHENEY, Vice-President.

Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.



Prices from $3 to $10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, *One Sample*, 25c., *Three Samples*, 50c., with Price-List.

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent.

Science Advances.

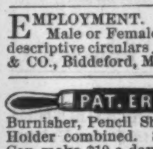
As soon as an article purporting to be of utility has been tested, and its merits endorsed by public opinion, unprincipled parties endeavor to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting and substituting a spurious for the genuine article. Some time since, mercury, in the disguise of pills, powders, etc., was given for all diseases of the stomach and liver, while quinine was freely administered for the chills. At length

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

made its advent, and an entire new system of healing was inaugurated. The beneficial effects of this invaluable preparation were at once acknowledged, and mineral poisons suffered to sink into that obscurity to which an enlightened age has consigned them. There have been many spurious Bitters palmed upon the community, which, after trial, have been found perfectly worthless, while HOSTETTER'S has proved a blessing to thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health and strength. For many years we have watched the steady progress of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

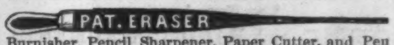
in public estimation, and its beneficent effects as a cure for all complaints, arising from the stomach, of a morbid nature; and we are free to say that it can be relied upon as a certain relief and remedy. Its proprietors have made the above preparation, after years of careful study and sitting, and are now reaping the reward claimed by this valuable specific, and which they so richly merit. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it therefore demands the attention of the afflicted.



GRANT & COLFAX.

AGENTS WANTED—For the best LIFE OF GRANT, by Hon. J. T. Headley. Now ready. $2 50. An authentic LIFE OF COLFAX, with a splendid Portrait, in press. Price 25 cts., which we give to our subscribers to the Life of Grant.
TREAT & CO., Publishers,
654 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT. $15 00 to $30 00 a day guaranteed. Male or Female Agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free.* Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.



Burnisher, Pencil Sharpener, Paper Cutter, and Pen Holder combined. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. Can make $10 a day. Samples sent by mail for 30c., or two styles for 50c. Address, MORSE ERASER CO., 404 Library Street, Philadelphia.

BARTLETT MACHINE and NEEDLE DEPOT, 569 Broadway, N.Y. Needles, &c., for all Machines.

BARTLETT'S Reversible Sewing Machines are the *lowest-priced reliable* Machines. Examine different styles, or send stamp for circular to Depot, 569 Broad'y

---

THE

Old and Reliable Fall River and Newport Line

BETWEEN

NEW YORK & BOSTON.

☞ Passengers by this route are assured of a comfortable night's rest on boats combining, with the best sea-going qualities, speed, elegant furnishings, and a table supplied with the best the market affords.

THE SPLENDID STEAMBOATS

NEWPORT, Capt. WM. BROWN, AND OLD COLONY, Capt. A. N. MILLER,

ALTERNATE DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED),

Leaving New York from Pier 28, North River, Foot of Murray Street, at 5 P.M.

Passengers can take Train on NEWPORT AND OLD COLONY RAILWAY from Newport, R.I., at 4.00 A.M., and arrive in Boston at 6.10, in time to connect with all Northern and Eastern Trains and Boats. Families can rest undisturbed, Breakfast on board at 7.00 A.M., and take 7.45 A.M. Train, and ARRIVE IN BOSTON AT EARLY BUSINESS HOURS. Returning Trains leave OLD COLONY RAILWAY DEPOT, corner of Kneeland and South Streets, at 4.30 and 5.30 P.M.

MEALS FURNISHED ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

This is the only DIRECT ROUTE for NEWPORT, FALL RIVER, TAUNTON, NEW BEDFORD, MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MIDDLEBORO', the BRIDGEWATERS, PLYMOUTH, and ALL TOWNS ON CAPE COD, and NANTUCKET. Fares always as Low as by any other Line.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS INQUIRE OF THE AGENTS,

E. LITTLEFIELD, 72 Broadway, New York.
W. H. BULLOCK, Supt. O. C. & N. R. R., Boston.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1868.